

Oak Spring Garden Library

English School
Scrapbook

Eb0
5357
Dated 1826


Labour
IN
LITERATURE
PAINTING
AND
MUSIC
Gratefully Effected
SCRAP
ALBUM
BOOK
SOLICITED
SCRAPS
Le temps fuyons
Mais l'amitié reste
Je me charge
Souvenez
If to me a loftier lyre were given,
And round my brow were twined a brighter wreath,
If I could snatch immortal verse from Heaven,
And pour its melody to souls beneath,
Then should my Muse celestial flowrets
To friendship's altar and to
To love and friendship, I devote the strain,
To amic'ble and oblig'ance of mind,
to chase the evil from the world,
to calm the restless anxieties of the world,
She simple charms of health & innocence return.
I have sung of war for knights
How was ever blooming fair
Lay of love for lady bright
And gems of genius cut & with care



Let not the hand of Amity be nice,
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disdain.
A trifle shall become a pledge of price
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.
Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand – their due,
Then should the Golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasure of the rich Peru.

Dear L— this simple chaplet take,
And keep it for Eliza's sake.
Fair summer's fragrant flowers are dead,
And Autumn's tears upon them shed;
But I have sought with pleasing care
Such as will bloom throughout the year.
The opening rose, love's emblem true,
From one dear maid will be your due;
The pensée, which will balm impart,
Should sorrow chance to wound your heart.
The grecian pea, so sweet and gay,
Will drive ennui and care away.
The laurestinus, and arbute,
December's dreary landscape suit;
Like hope they cheer the wintry scene,
And wear an emblematic green.
And here be that coralean flower,
Which claims from verse a magic power,
Recalling in the days of pain,
Back to the heart joy's hours again.
So may your life be thus combined,
May love - and hope, and Heaven be kind;
And form affection's silken band,
Twine round your heart, and bind your hand.



Blossoms more rich and rare than flow'rs,
May twine round Beauty's graceful brow
In wreaths of sunny hours;
The Rose, or the chrystal flower,
Might more become her festive hour,
And give to Pleasure's careless power
To brighter fancies birth.

But in those moments, sad yet dear,
When parting wakes affection's tear,
The plaintive Forget-me-not band;
Those meanings, forbade us to forget
Would be the chosen coronet,
Love, on the loveliest brow would rest,
To claim fond Memory's mind.

When "earth to earth" and "dust to dust"
The loved lamented, are entrust
What flowers may grace the spot;
Where sleep the relignes of the dearest,
For whom the fragrant tear is shed,
Like Mine — which from the grave would bid
Repeats — "Forget me not!" —

Yet not in fearless mood to alone
Thy heart-appealing name we own,
To love — to friendship dear;
Were not thou name with joy combined,
Were not thy bright blue blossoms twined
With hopes as bright — thou wouldst not find
A welcome station here!

Not in my volume opening leaf
Should flower which only may'st grief,
A mournful emblem stand,
For unforgetting love! — whose light
Makes even sorrow's clouds look bright!
For joy, and hope, with magic might,
The feelings can expand.

And therefore would I place thee here,
Symbol of hopes the heart holds dear,
In every clime and age;
Thoughts loved in sun-shine or in gloom,
Prized from the cradle to the tomb;
Prompt me to wreathe thy azure bloom,
To deck my opening page.

Here, there, mid fairest leaves of green
Be thy cerulean blossoms seen
To grace my garden plot!
Nor wanted I prouder flowers entwine,
Round friendship's, or affection's shrine,
Than one which can recal like thine,
The words — "Forget me not!" —


L'amitié en fait le prix, 1826

"Before thee earthly planets wound her course"
"Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light"
"Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word"
"Shot to existence in a blaze of day"
"Before the Morning-Stars together sang"
"And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds"
"Thou art" All glorious, All beneficent,
"All wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art".

On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.

Could we with ink the Ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the praises of the Lord above,
It would drain the Ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Tho' stretch'd from sky to sky.

"On the wanday morning's purple wings"
"I'll borne with indefatigable course"
"Seek the glowing borders of the east,"
"Where the bright sun, emerging from the deep"
"With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,"
"And, kindles over the unmeasured world"
"All, thro' the watery desert guide my course,"
"All, over the trackless surges have my way"
"All, in the dreadful solitude I keep secure,"
"And preach the warning doctrine." * * *

Extracted from the 139th Psalm.



Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

Religion.

What sweet serenity from virtue flows!
How the rapt soul with pure contentment glows
That owns RELIGION! thy delightful power
Or in affliction's or enjoyments hour;
As broods the halcyon öer the troubled wave
So art thou prompt and powerful to save;
Fling oer the surface of the raging deep
A soothing calm, and bid man cease to weep;
From sorrow's eye wipe off the falling tear,
And make each trial by its triumph dear.
Thou art all pleasing; thy endearing sway
Disrobes the night of gloom, and cheers the day;
From Death's dark terrors thou canst man release,
And gild his mortal hour with joy and peace.
Let those who doubt, mark how the christian dies;
Hope beams enshrines in his uplifted eyes;
Faith bears him up, and Charity's sweet grace
Sheds resignation oer his woeworn face;
While his last words the heavenly truth confess
RELIGION gives unchanging happiness.

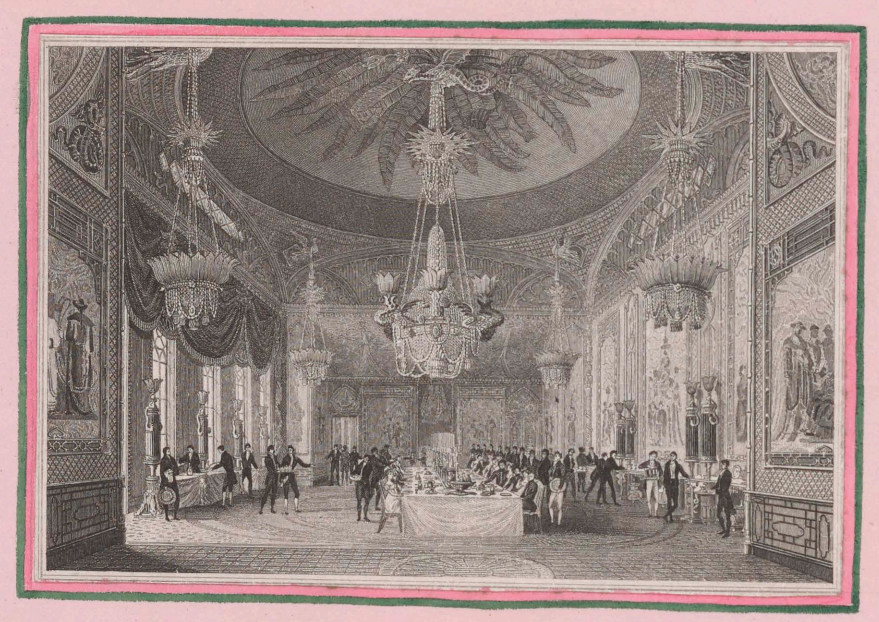
Tired of his sport the wreck of human hearts,
There on his heavenly couch in slumber bound
The God of Love reclines;— his idle darts,
Those messengers of love, lie scattered round,
But that he guards amid his dreams profound
With so much jealous care his unstrung bow;
How might we now his boasted strength confound
Grown his own griever pay the debt we owe,
With his own shaft pierce our unconscious foe!

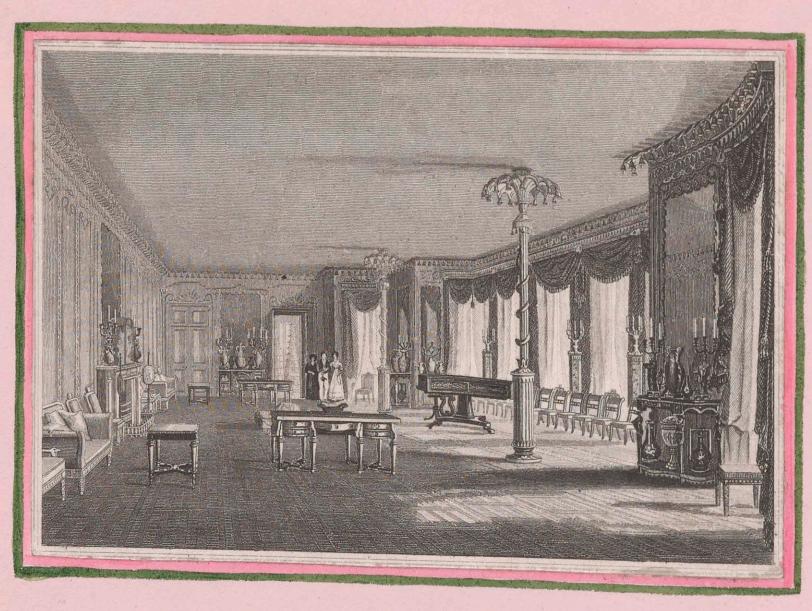
But who would wound a breast so passing fair?
Look, in immortal beauty where he lies.
His flushed cheek pillow'd on his arm; his hair
Clustering like sunny beams on autumn skies
Around his glorious brow;— his calm-sealed eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve;— and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms-in sweet repose.

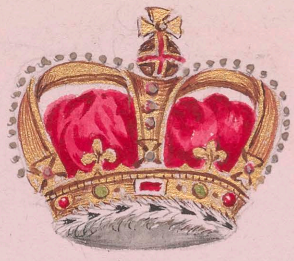


Love: oh, young love, how beautiful thou art!
The brightest dream that ever a poet feigned
Many scarce compare with thee; what though they dart
The blood of many a gentle breast hath stained:
What though thy god-like powers thou hast profaned
And proved to some an evil deity!
Yet in thy noble moods hast thou sustained
Full many a sinking heart;— and thoughts of thee
Have often stilled the waves of life's rough sea.

Thou art indeed omnipotent — divine!
For the wide world is vocal with thy name.
Princes and peasants bend before thy shrine;
Tribes of all nations thy behests proclaim;
Nor timid woman echoes forth thy fame!
Noble and serf — the savage and the slave —
(For e'en a slave, if love his homage claim,)
May wear a double chain) thy shaft must have
And own thy power — to ruin or to save! —









God save great George our King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious –
Happy and glorious –
Long to reign over us –
God save the King!



Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King! —





Come Take The Harp

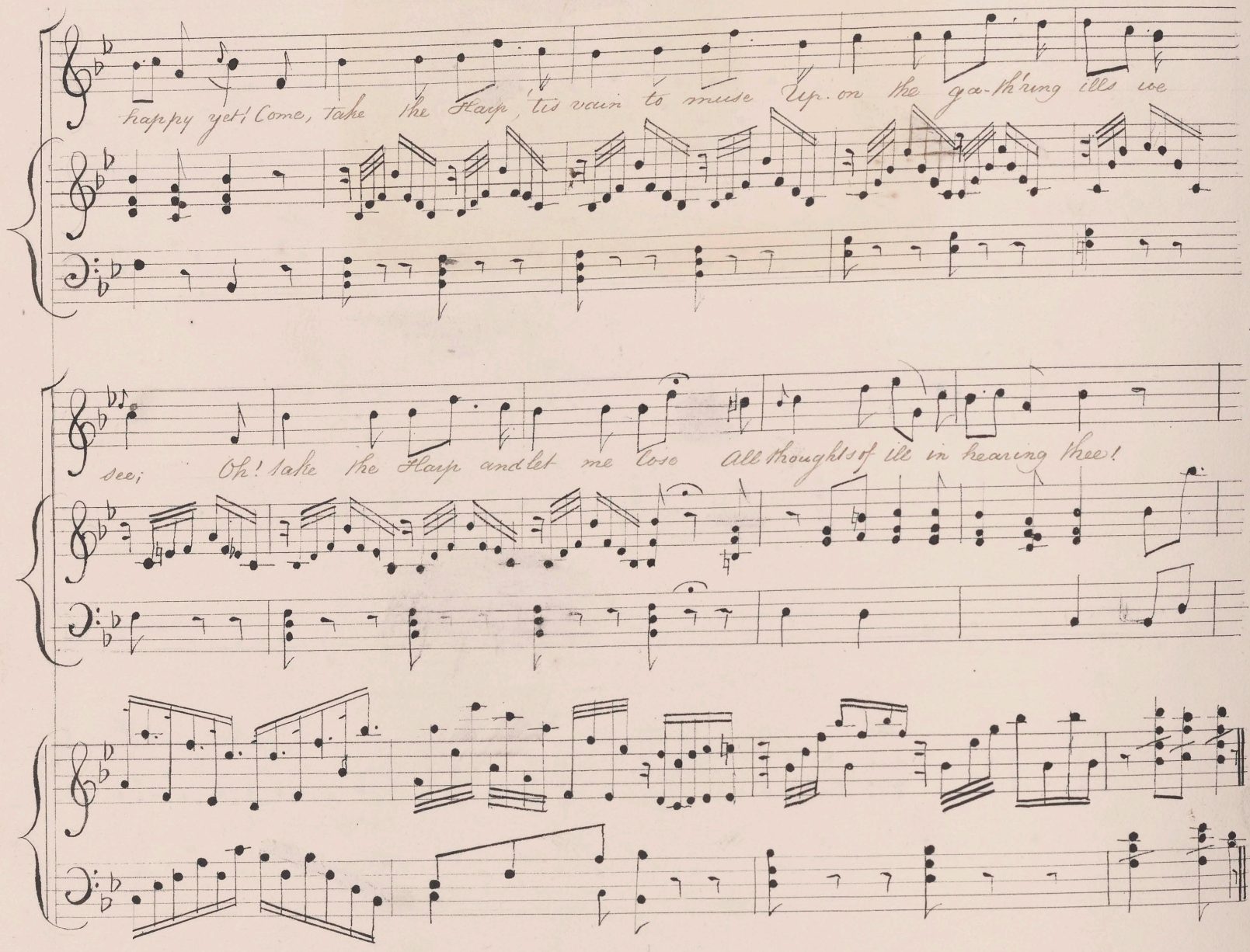
The Music by Sir J. Stevenson — *The Words by Thos. Moore Esqr.*

WITH EXPRESSION

Come, take the Harp 'tis vain to muse Up- on the gath'ring ills we see, Oh! take the Harp and

let me lose All thoughts of ill in hearing thee! Sing to me love! tho' death were near, Thy

Song could make my soul forget. Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear, All may be well be



Let me but see that smoothe arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie -
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!
Give me that strain of mournful touch
We us'd to love, long, long a-go,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now alas they bleed to know!
Come take the Harp, tis vain to muse
Upon the gathring ills we see,
Oh: take the harp - and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all, that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd lost! Oh! pray thee cease,
I cannot bear these sounds again!
Art thou too wretched? Yes, yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine; -
Come Come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking - but it still is thine!
Come take the Harp - 'Tis vain to muse
Upon the gath'ring ills we see -
Oh: take the Harp - and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.



Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And fierce ye like a fortress bound
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets your savage strength,
Breathing the billows foam:
Oh Mona for ever guard the lance
The sacred land of Home!

I have left sunny skies behind
Lightning-rich classic shrines;
Song-music on the southern wind,
And sun-shine on the vines.

Red shrines the sabbath peace may claim,
And shrine the guarded hearth;
And shrine the dead amid our fields
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices speed me in the surge;
Their steps are on the plains;
Their names by old majestic trees
Are whisper'd round my fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh be it still a joy and pride
To live and die for thee!



Returning slowly past a violet bed,
A passing gale a fragrance odored shed;
I searched the spot, and quickly there found,
Hid 'neath their leaves, and bending to the ground,
Two modest buds; which without display,
Kept off'd their leaves to greet the coming day,
And from the cover gradually rose,
Their bud discovered by their fragrant nose.
And such, me thought, while bending to the stem,
So modest virtue's pure and dimple gem.
No ostentatious wish to seek for praise,
But still retiring from the public gaze,
It spreads its sweet beneficence around,
And by the fame it shuns can best be found.
Struck the simile my mind possessed,
As these sweet flowers, we neither sow nor reared.
For still the heart, their fragrant scent remains,
And their sweet leaves the form to charm retains.
Nor yet has Death (grim Death) always the power,
Virtue to conquer with life's transient hour;
It dies will live in every kindred breast,
And make the world with its sweet influence blest,
Till that great hour, when Heaven's Eternal King,
Calls us to blossom in an endless spring.

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

None will dwell in that Cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it; hence the vine
Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground;
Hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead;
And hence the grey mofs on the apple tree.
One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had past,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child —
A little laughing thing, whose dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in stranger lands; and time went on
In comfort and content — and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted her first English birthday.
And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride; — it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart,
To mark their quiet happiness, their home —
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

With her bright colour and her clear glad eyes
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible;
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to Heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came — an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home
And left it for a prison; 'twas in June,
One of June's brightest days — the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wings;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage
And wept aloud: — they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun
With iron gratings; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear
His Isabel's good night. But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on which it closed, and her sweet voice

Isabel or The Ruined Cottage,

And sweeter smile made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers;
But every morning could he see her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sunshine through the grating of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not: at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. For but one sad day
He marked the dull street through the iron bars
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he was desperate —— he forced the bars;
And he stood in the street free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty ——
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners. when they set it down
Or ere 'twas lowerd into the new-dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
of Isabel, and knew he had no child!

He lay down by the coffin quietly ——
His heart was broken!.....



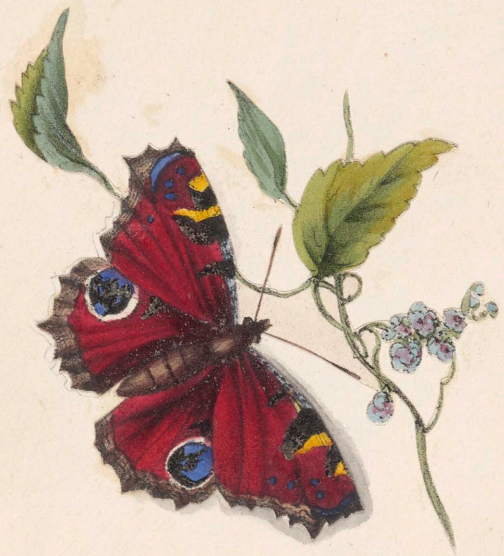




















Wert thou a Stranger from the world of bliss?
Some little Seraph wandring from thy sphere,
Which came to tarry for a night in this —
And with the light of morn to disappear?

Tell us, sweet Babe, what made thee lose thy way,
Amidst those stars which deck the azure sky?
Tell us, sweet Babe, why with the morning's ray,
Thy Spirit winged again its flight on high?

Did something vex thee in this world below?
Or did some Angel trace thy wandring path?
And to prevent thy days and nights of woe,
Allurid thee back beyond the stream of death?

Yet thou art happy and thy pure delight,
Recalls no more, thy silent wandrings here;
For every sin of that short fleeting night,
Was laid on One, and paid with many a tear.

Oh! 'twas enough, poor wanderer of an hour,
To touch Time's verge, and breathe its very sighs;
To make thee pass that vale, whose darkning lowers,
Must open up the portals of the sky.

The Setting Sun.

That setting sun — that setting sun.
What scenes since first its race began,
Of varied hue, its eye hath seen,
Which are, as they had never been.

That (setting) sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, accordant thoughts sublime
In every age, and every clime.

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow,
The ocean's fadeless caves below,
And when the (obscuring) night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulse shall cease to play,
Serenely close my evening day,
To live again, wearied slumber alone,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!

To A Lady that wished to Die

Thy form sweet fair to earth is due;
Not yet to Heav'n repair.
Since Angels are on earth so few,
And are so many there!

ORIGIN OF A PEN

Love begged and prayed Old Time to stay
While he and Psyche toyed together;
Love held his wings, Time tore away
But in the scuffle dropped a feather.
Love seized the prize, and with his dart
Adroitly worked to trim and shape it:
"O Psyche tho' 'tis pain to part,
This charm shall make us half escape it.
Time need not fear to fly too slow,
When he this useful loss discovers;
A Pen's the only plume I know,
That wings his pace for absent Lovers!"

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE

What is Life? — a breath — a dream
A bubble on a rapid stream —
a livid shade, with scarce a ray —
a short and stormy winter's day —
a falling star, — a morning flower, —
a passing cloud — an autumn shower, —
A flying shuttle — nay a span's —
So short and frail's the life of Man.

FIDELITY

From the Spanish

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated,
A Seville girl with auburn hair;
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
As wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going;
With such a soft small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing;
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
'Death, not inconstancy!'

Sonnet by Mrs. Opie

"The world invites thee - go Lorenzo go;
"Be thine the statesman's toil or poet's song;
"Charm with thy eloquence the listening throng;
"Or bear thy lightenings on the foe?
"Go; thou wast formed to shine such scenes among,
"And gain the garlands that to wit belong;
"Away; nor turn to heed my parting woe:
"I shall remain in lonely shades apart -
"Not blest, but pining; and my pleasure be
"To catch the distant echoes of thy fame,
"And pray thy proud pre-eminence to see.
"Nor thou forget, the while there is a heart
"That beats with pride, and rapture at thy name,
"And swells to bursting at one thought of thee!"



The Grave of Körner.

Charles Theodore Körner the celebrated young German Poet and Soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 26th August 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song". He was buried at the village of Wöbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in it's vicinity. The monument, erected to his memory beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a Sword and Lyre, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the Poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place.

Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines,

"Vergiß die treuen Todten nicht."—

Forget not the faithful dead.



Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy Country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar keepest!
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest Soldier! — By the Father's hand
Here shall the child of after-years be led
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead
Soldier and Bard! — For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God! *

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts; thy brethren of the fight
Went as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee;
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

* The poems of Homer are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling

Thou hast a hero's tomb! — A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head
When thou went gone, in silent sorrow dying,
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

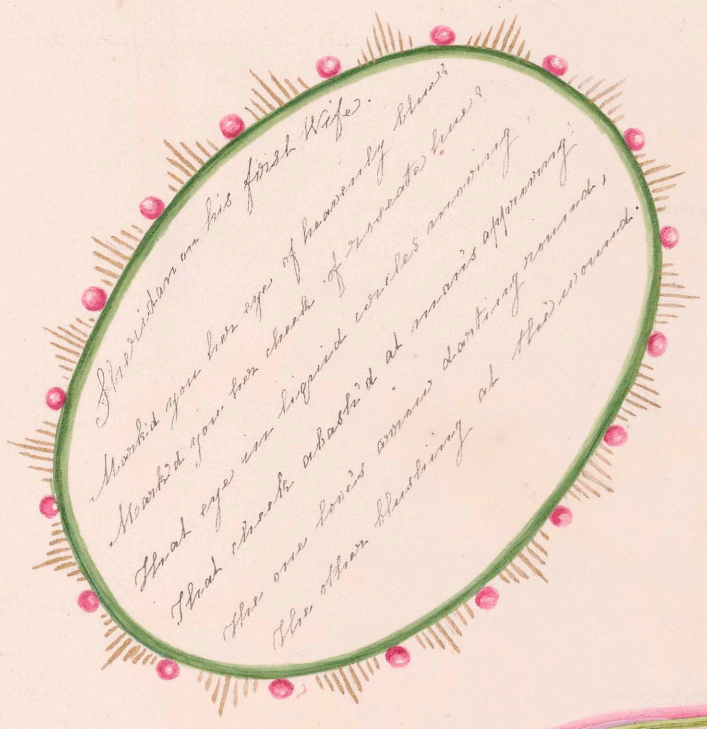
Fame was thy gift from others — but for her
To whom the wide earth held that only spot
She loved thee! — lovely in your lives ye were
And in your early deaths divided not!
Thou hast thine Oak — thy trophy — what hath she?
Her own blest place by thee.

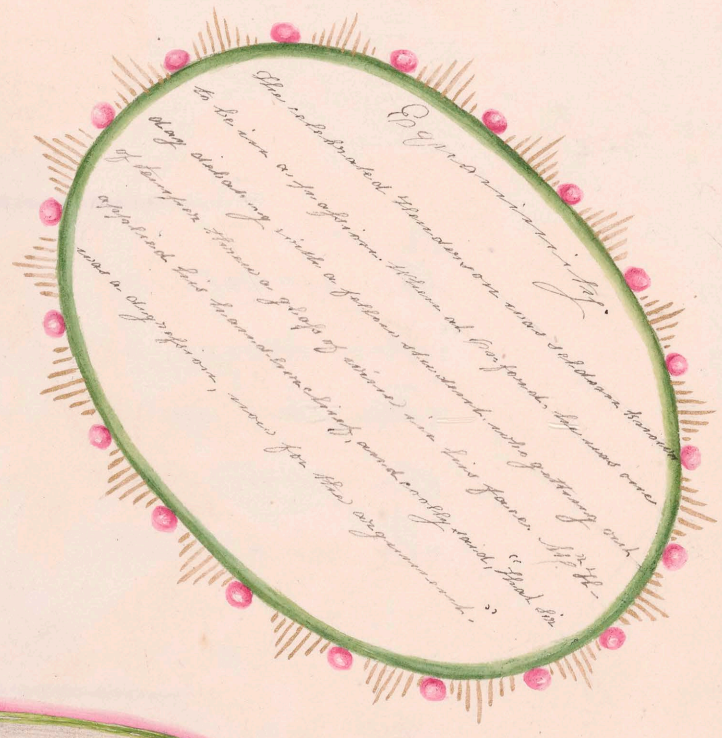
It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky!
Ye were but two! — and when that spirit passed
Woe for the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! — She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest!
Too sad a smile! — its living light was dim
It answered hers no more!

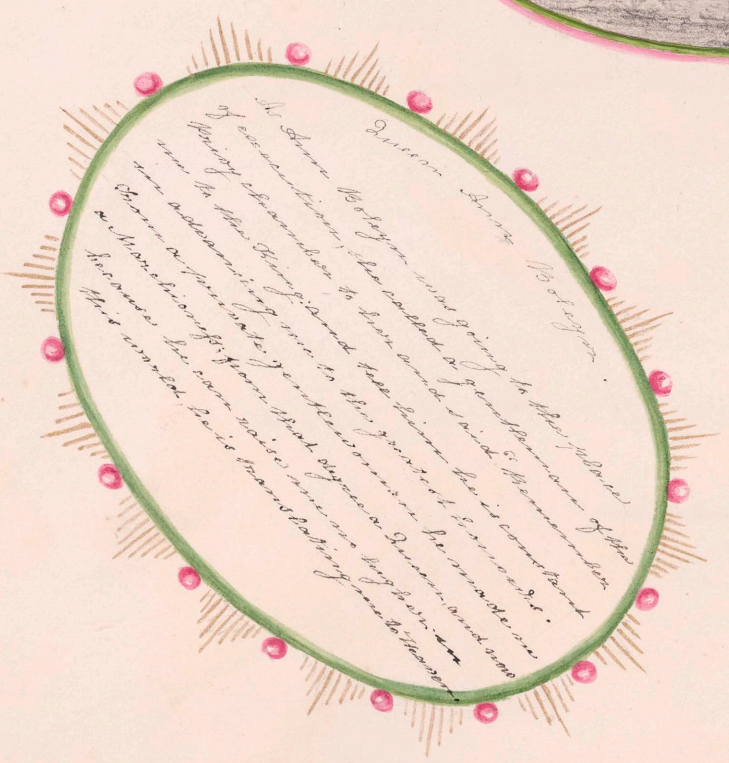
The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished — be the Flower deplored
Here, with the Lyre and Sword!

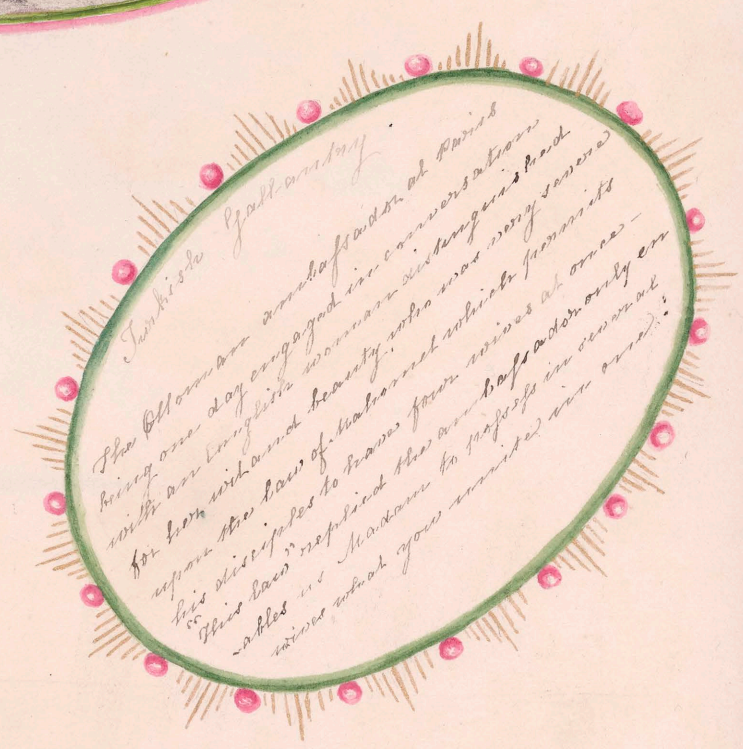
Have ye not met ere now? — So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet Sister! — peace around ye dwell!
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!















An Adieu.

An adieu should in utterance die;
Or if written should faintly appear;
Only heard in the burst of a sigh;
Only seen through the blot of a tear!

SONNET

By GM

To Poesy

Wonderful Spirit! whose eternal shrine
Is in great Poets souls; whose voice doth send
High truths and dreams prophetic without end,
Into the blind world from those founts divine;
Deep adoration from such souls is thine,
But I have loved thee! Spirit, as a friend;
Woo'd thee in pensive leisure, but to lend
Thy sweetness into this wayward heart of mine;
And charm my lone thoughts into joyousness.
And I have found that thou canst lay aside
Thy terrors, and thy glory, and thy pride;
Quit thy proud temples for a calm recess
In lowly hearts, and dream sweet hours away;
Winning from soaring thought a frequent holiday.

As those we love decay, we die in part.
String after string is severd from the heart:
Till loosenid life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Thomson

Sacred Melody

He healeth the broken heart and bindeth up their wounds

Oh thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who hath but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw,
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw,
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too.
Oh who would bear life's stormy gloom,
Did not thy wing of love,
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
Its promised blessedness above.
Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

THE CRIMINAL

His hand is red with blood, and life, aye, life
Must pay the forfeiture of his dark sin!
Ah! Woman's Love is a night-scented flower
Which yieldeth its most precious perfume forth
Mid darkness, and mid tears.

'Tis silence in that cell, and dim the light
Gleaming from the sunk lamp; there is one stands
Fetter'd and motionless — so very pale,
That were he laid within his winding-sheet
And Death were on him, yet his cheek could not
Wear ghastlier hues; cold damps are on his brow;
With intense passion the red veins are swelled;
The white lip quivers with suppressed sobs,
And his dark eye is glazed with tears which still
He is too stern to shed. His countenance
Bears wild and fearful traces of the years
Which have passed on in guilt; Pride, headstrong ire
Have left their marks behind; yet, mid this scar
Of evil elements, some glimpses shine
Of better feelings, which like clouded stars,
Soon set in night. — A sullen sound awakes
The silence of the cell; and up he starts

Roused from his dizzy trance of wretchedness,
And gasps for breath, as that deep solemn toll
Sinks on his spirit, like a warning voice
Sent from Eternity; Again it tolls!
The awful bell, St. Sepulchre, which tells
The Criminal of Death;— His life pulse stops
As if in awe, and then beats rapidly:
Rushes a sudden crimson on his face,
Pales, and leaves it deadlier than before.
He is alone no longer; one is there
Whose only language is her tears, and one
Whose words of anger on the sinful child,
His shame and sorrow, find no utterance now.
At first the look the Murderer wore was stern,
And cold, and ghastly, for his pride had nerved
His spirit to its agony; but when
He felt that pale girl's tears upon his hand,
And heard his Father's words of penitence,
Of tenderness, and pardon, then relaxed
His marble brow, and wild, warm drops came down
He strove no more to quell. And there she lay

His wretched Ellen, pillowed on a breast
Whose lightest beat to her was more than life,
All guilty as it was; – Her fair blue eyes
(How softly beautiful!) were filled with drops
They had no power to shed, but heavily
They hung upon the eyelash, which drooped o'er
A cheek whose summer colour had departed
With the sweet hopes which nourished its bloom.
His Love had been destruction; he had thrown
Shame and dishonour on the innocent one,
Whose fate was linked with his; who loved him yet
Most truly and most fondly. From the hour
When, a young bride, she dreamt of Happiness,
She never had forsaken him, but still
Had been his better angel. – His mad life
Had passed 'mid fearful passions, evil deeds,
And she had often wept in Solitude:
Yet sometimes, (for he loved her) he returned,
Her patient smile then lighted up his home;
And never did that soft lip breath reproach;
Only her health-forsaken cheek, her brow
So wan, told of her wrongs, and she would sob

At times upon his bosom, till he swore
To leave his evil wanderings. At last
The thunder-bolt came down, and crushed her heart,—
He was a Murderer!—————————————
Still she forsook him not, and his lone cell
Was brightened by her presence— her soft voice
Breathed consolation in its gentle tones;
She watched— she wept— she prayed with him;— how deep
Is woman's memory of her first love-dream,
Though truth has chilled its rosest illusiveness!
Yet like the Indian, though severer light
Hath broken in upon his radiant faith
And shewn its falsehood, still his spirit clings
With listening homage to his early worship.
So Ellen's breast yearned to the guilty one,
Mid crimes— mid darkness. She could not forget
He was the chosen of her youth, that he
Had been her first, her only love.
The morn had broken, and a dull, red light
Streamed through the iron grating heavily:
The bell had ceased its summoning,— they loosed

In desperate hope to catch another toll
In vain – and loud and hurrying Steps were heard!
The door was opened, and the chains were struck
From off his shackled hands. They led him forth –
He clasped his Ellen, and prest one cold kiss
On lips as cold, and placed her as a child
Upon his father's bosom, and departed.
A shriek rang after him, and many there
To their last hour shall not forget that cry.
They led him on; his step was firm, altho'
His face was very pale; and when he reached
The Scaffold, he knelt meekly down and prayed.
Silence was all around: His eyes were closed:
This world one gasp concluded, and to him
Opened Eternity. – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –







"Oh, who are those who dread of Love complain?

"He is a gentle Spirit, and injures none!

"His presence cures from Heart the bitter pain,

"The keen deep anguish, the heart rending groan

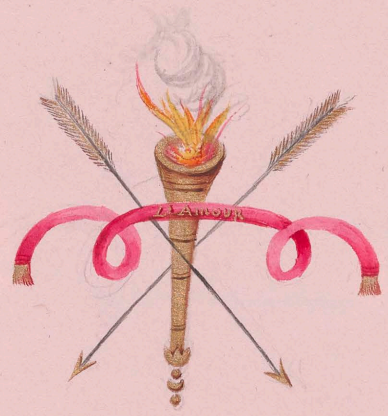
"Which in his mildest reign are never known.

"His Vows are softer than the Zephil showers,

"Which hurdest Innocence supports his throne,

"His sighs are sweet as breath of vernal flowers,

"Affection guides his steps, and Peace paints his bowers."





Sweet memory's flowers, of azure die
Beneath thy hand are born to come;
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh, bloom around my humble grave.
And if some tender, faithful friend
Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er the flowers adorning bend,
Then say for me, — "Forget me not."



Byron

*Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
Upon this trace of thine,
Magnificent as is the mind
Fancy had covered her shrine:
An altar such which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.

As the first glance that eye discovers,
But if I read aright;
A fountain of sweet tears lies large,
Beneath its flashing light.
Tenderness like a gushing rill,
Subdued, repressed, but flowing still. * *

And diff'rently the feelings work,
On every differing mind;
Some pass false as the false they blame,
And think this with unkind:
But there are some whose softer sense
Pours unadulterate, on each thing to bestow.

Such, methinks, was the destiny
That threw its chill o'er thee;
Thou hadst mistaken with the false, the true
Seemed but alike to thee.
Could not the workings of thy heart
Another bosom read unpack?

I record it in thy glorious page,
See every noble thought,
Each lofty feeling, each sweet song
With kindness deep fraught;
For there thine immost soul was shown,
Thine truth, thine beauty, there thine own.

For not on the vain warbling's speech
Which smiths the heart still
But sets forth feelings he has used;
Works up, wrought out at will.
What knows he of that sacred feeling?
He seeks no part in its revealing.

And if sometimes he is not all
That his own song has sung,
It is but part of that great curse
Which stirs to earth his clearer
Who ever has seen, who yet shall see
Himself as he deemed he could be?

The mind can rise eternity
With its immortal name,
But see two of its happiest
To the prize paid for fame:
For such a burden wings can fly
But aims to strike the mark on high.

Oh, if there be one sullied page
Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a mighty one,
To dwell on it were shame,
Were cruelty, when thy fine mind
Has left such nobler stores behind.

But thou art with the dead, – thy life
Has such a course now given,
Most glorious are the sights of man,
Precious in sight of Heaven.
Marathon, and Thermopylae:
Such soil, now sinking, graves for thee.

All that's Bright must Fade

Indian Air

Melancholy

All that's bright must fade The bright-est still the fleet-est,

All that is wrat to as made But to be lost when sweet-est

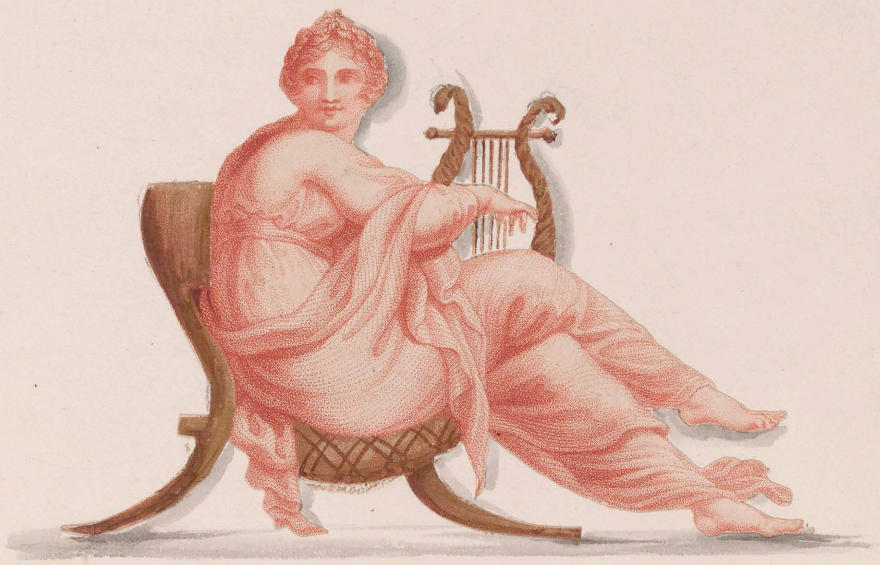
Stars that shine and fall, the flow'r that dwells in spring - ing

These a - las! are types of all By which our hearts are cling - ing

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made, But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek a prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than be blest with light and see
That light for ever flying!
All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!



I saw them once blowing
Whilst morning was glowing,
But now are their withered leaves strew'd o'er the ground,
For tempests to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
With dew-drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are now banish'd,
Their fragance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay:
And smiling and gladness
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment — are dying when born:
And Pleasure's best flower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop — a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears — we are helpless and lone;
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us,
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.





To my Brother on his Birth Day.

Why throbs my heart on this glad day,
When it should spring with joy?
Why! my Brother is away!
My bliss has its alloy.

I heard a sister's fondest claim,
But distant is the voice,
Whose sound would give me that fond name,
How then can I rejoice?

Hope answered to my anxious heart
"He'll come again to thee;
Nor will he ever more depart,
To tempt the faithless sea."

Cease, cease thou hope! - cease to cruelle,
Thou may'st do not be believed;
'Tis ever thus thou dost beguile,
Then leave the heart deceived!

But if a sister's prayers prevail,
Safe shall his bark glide on;
"The breath of Heav'n shall swell his sail,"
And guide him to his home!

There Love and Hope are planting flowers
That cannot fade away;
Soon they will shade his native bow'rs,
And, tempt him not to stray.

Then haste my Brother - haste thee home,
Our heart-felt joys to share;
But still the pole of Heav'n be won,
Oh, - cast thy Anchor, there!!! —

E — July 24th



"There is an soule a sympathy with sounds,
"And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleas'd
"With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
"Some chord in unison with what we hear
"Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
"How soft the music of those village bells,
"Falling at intervals upon the ear
"In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
"Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
"Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
"With easy force it opens all the cells
"Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
"A kindred melody the scene recurs,
"And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
"Such comprehensive views the spirits take,
"That in a few short moments, I retrace
"(As in a map the voyager his course)
"The windings of my way through many years."





Dear native Bells—dear native Bells,
How many a tale thy music tells,
Of youth, and hope, and that sweet time,
When last I heard thy tuneful chime.

Those happy hours are fled away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now silent dwells,
And hears no more thy native Bells.

Thus so I will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other Bards will walk your dells,
And hymn your praise, sweet native Bells!



A Riddle.

Which every reader must solve for himself.

I know not what these lines will be,
I know not who these lines may see.
But since a word in season sent,
Or prayer a door at happen bent,
May reach a rowing eye, or dart
Conviction through a careless heart,
O that an arrow I might find
See the small quiver of my mind,
Which with unerring aim should strike
Each who encounters its strike.

Reader, — attention! I will spring
A wondrous thought; — 'tis on the wing;
Guard well your heart; — you guard in vain,
The wound is made yet gives no pain;
Surprise may cause your cheek to glow,
Yet, courage! none but you shall know;
The thoughts awaken'd by my lyre
Is more than I myself can see.
Pow? — search the secrets of your breast,
And think of that which you love best: —
Then ask within — "What will this be,
A thousand ages hence, to me"?
Read it: it will not burn the fire
For which all nature shall expire
Think, ere these rhymes excite me card,
(As though the thought might be your last)
"Where shall I find below, above,
Any objects worthy of my love?"

Now hearken! and forget it never —
Love that which you may love for ever.



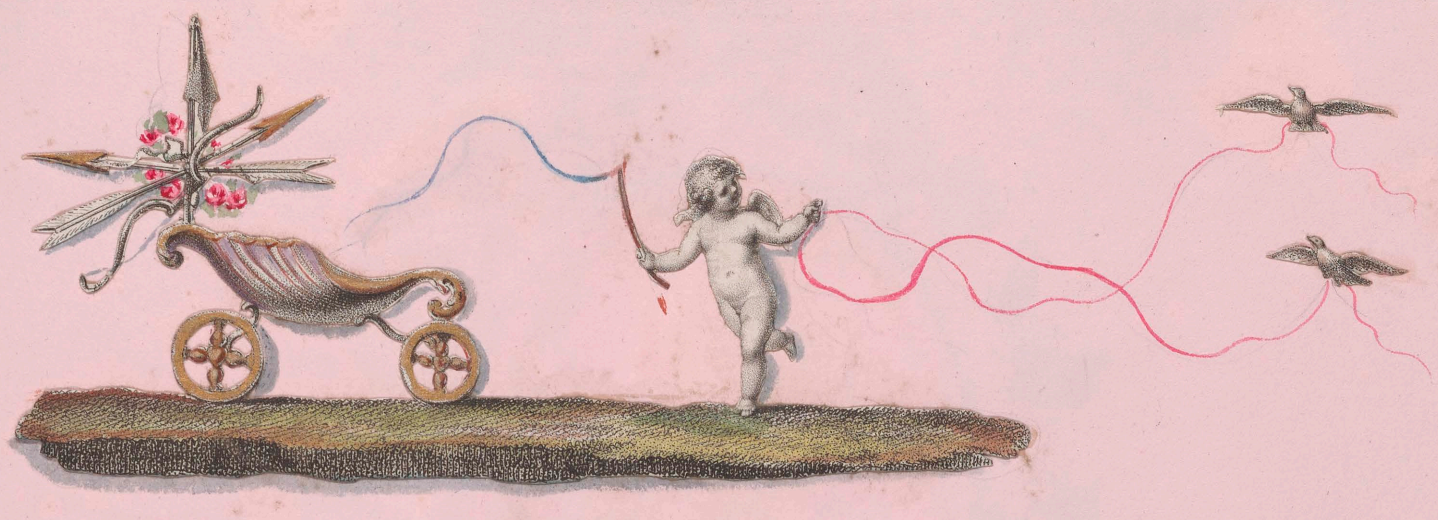


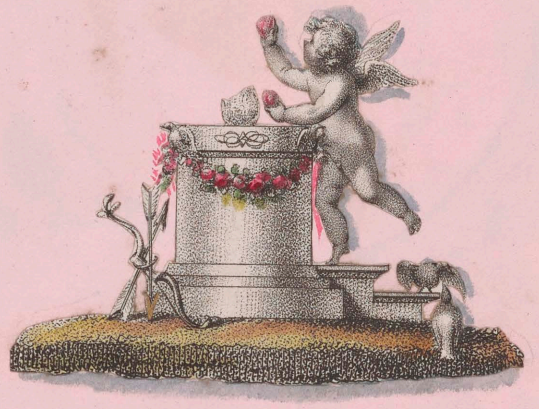


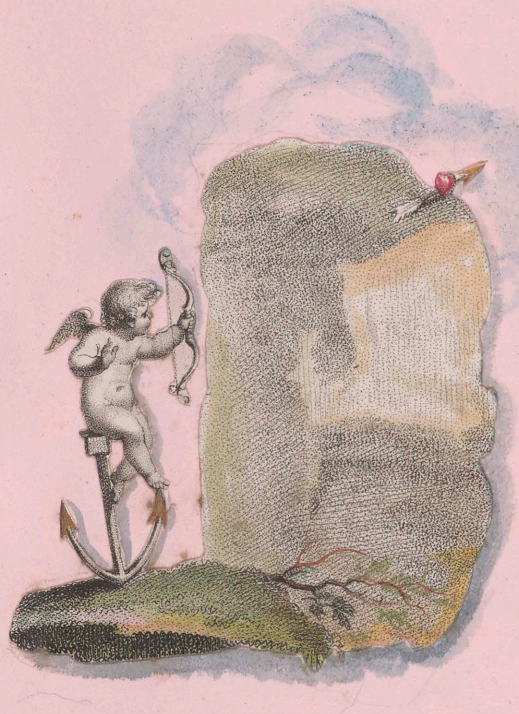






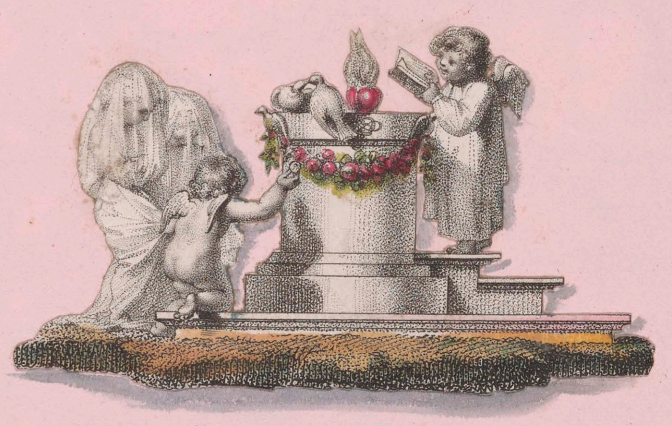



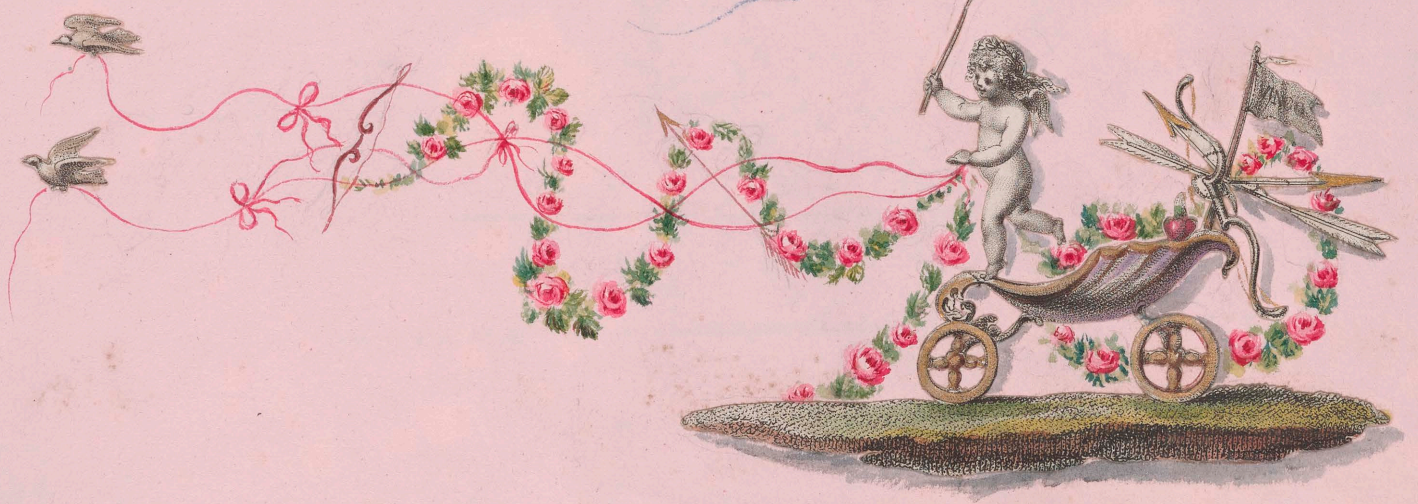








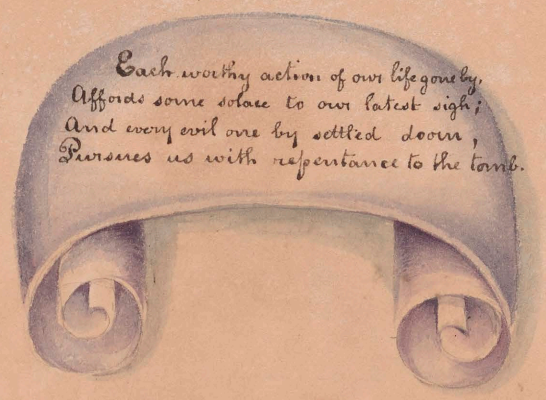






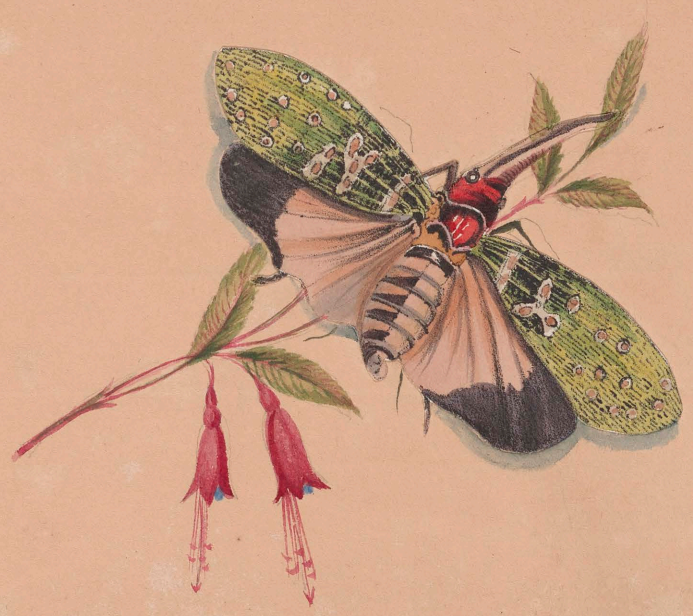
"Let others hail the rising Sun:
I bow to Him, whose Race is run."

—Dowered with high hope, and learning's sacred flame,
Oh England's valiant, virulent Patriot name!
Unconquered power of the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with mournful thoughts, the frame decayed:
Pale o'er his lamp in Albion's cause retired,
The martyr Student fades and expired.—
Kind-gifted Pitt!—benevolent—sincere—!
Too early lost, amidst thy studies too severe!—* *
Of all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted—noble—elegant—refined—!
Call for such sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of England, pay the unwonted debt.



"He who is great is happy. Let the bows
"Artillery of Heaven bend through a cloud
"And dark its thunders at him; he'll remain
"Unmov'd, and nobler courage entertain
"For welcoming the approach of death, than vice
"Ere found in her fictitious paradise.
"Time wrecks our youth, while we number pass
"Delights, brings us to unfathomed age.
"Where are we left to satisfy the rage
"Of thwarting death: pomp, beauty, wealth, & all
"Our friendships, shrinking from the funeral."

Darlington's Custard.



"Surely these are
"Some stars whose influence are upon our lives
"Evil and overpowering; it is those
"That blight the young rose in its endless spring;
"Sully the pearl fresh from its native sea;
"Bring the shafts to the youthful warriors breast
"In his first field; and paint the window check
"And blue eyes of the beautiful!"

L. E. L.

"
"Fatality attending the House of Stuart.
"The year Eighty eight had been for several succeeding centuries fatal to the Royal House of Stuart.
"James the third on June the 11th 1488 lost a battle to
"his subjects, by whom he was pursued & assassinated.
"Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded the 8th of Feby 1588.
"James second of England abdicated on the 12th Dec. 1688.
"and in the year 1788 the last legitimate male
"of the unfortunate House of Stuart expired."



The Warriors Farewell.

"Maid of my love! I must away;
You waving pennon chides my stay:
But ere my lingering steps depart,
To keep thy image in my heart,
Take this fair flower, whose modest worth -
Still as I've marked it, to the earth
Its blossoms bend - hath seem'd to me
Like thy retiring modesty.
See love! its soft and azure hue
Is like thine eye of lustrous blue,
And, clear and pure as is thy soul,
Whose thoughts are under Heaven's control;
Take it sweet Maid! and let its name
An echo in thy bosom claim:
Where'er I go, whate'er my lot,
Fraget - ah Love! - forget me not!"



The warrior sought the battle-plain,
But his parting words were not in vain:
There is no flower, in field or grove
Which shares that gentle Lady's love,
How fair soe'er its blossoms wave,
Like that her distant lover gave.
And when this flowret greets her eye,
A prayer is mingled with a sigh;
While gentle voices round the spot,
Seem still his fearing! "Forget me not!"





The warrior fought - the warrior fell -
What tongue shall dare presume to tell
The doubt which scarce the sole believed,
That heart so fond could be bereaved;
The maddening pang - the bursting sigh
The throbbing bosoms agony;
Thoughts of past bliss her grief to swell,
Unspoken - and unspeakable!



She died not - and the waste of years
Hath hush'd her sighs and dried her tears;
But in the depth of her wrung heart
Shall love ne'er die, nor quite depart.
Her happiest hours, and hapless they,
Are at the time of closing day,
When, mid her rich and gay parterre,
She bends upon one flow'ret there
A lengthen'd glance, with trembling eye
And as the Zephyr murmurs by,
The thoughts of other days will trace,
A smile of sadness on her face,
As though her ear the accents caught -
"Forget - ah Love! - forget me not!"



A Lady having heard it asserted that no subject could fail
of receiving dignity from the manner in which Dr Johnson would treat
it, said she would try him on that of Love; and taking her measures
accordingly, decided the novels of the day because they treated
about Love.— "It is not said our Philosopher, "because they treated
(as you call it) about Love, but because they treat of nothing, that they
are despicable. We never felt, never was happy, and he who laughs at never deserves
to feel a passion which had caused the change of emotions, and the toys of words—

Anecdote of Dr Johnson.

Why took from Paradise had stray'd,
Sin folly thence, lovely maid,
When thou didst find it me;
Or stood it back to thee?

Oh, had it by some magic art,
The gift of life obtained,
Or been restored with joyous heart,
As when it was ordained,
At Paradise—

Written in Milton's Paradise Lost, on returning it to
a young Lady from whom the author
had borrowed it.

On a Gentleman being asked by a Lady.
his waking wish on new years Day,

Wish'd that two vowels were joined.
In wedlock so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind
Those vowels must be I. and U.

I turn'd it in each point of view.
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
Naught else could I make of the two.
For inverted they came U. and I;—



Sweet Sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away!

Amid thy silent bowers,
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies
These glories melt so slowly;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves discolore;
As on consumption's warning cheek,
Amid decay blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of joys and early faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of passions wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead.

Of all that was many seem,
To memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream
On which we gaze and sigh.









"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
"Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?
"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
"As home, his footsteps he hath turn'd
"From wandering on a foreign strand.
"If such there breathe: go, mark him well,
"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
"High though his titles, proud his name,
"Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
"Despite those titles, power and pelf,
"The wretch concentred all in self—
"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
"And doubly dying, shall go down
"To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
"Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Lay of the last Minstrel.



Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Where life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward not expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

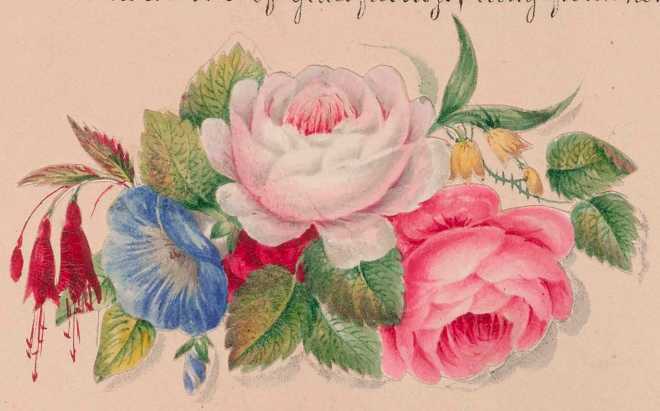
Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Montgomery.



"When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror rov'd
"By the banks of that lake, with his only belov'd,
"He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
"From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
"And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curld
"Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

"There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
"Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
"Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour,
"This was not the beauty —— oh! nothing like this,
"That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
"But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
"Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
"Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
"From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
"Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
"Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams.
"When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
"That charm of all others, was born with her face;
"And when angry —— for ev'n in the tranquillest climes
"Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes —
"The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
"New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweeter when shaken,
"If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
"At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
"From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
"From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
"Then her mirth — oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
"From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring; —
"Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
"Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages,
"While her laugh, full of life, without any control
"But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul."







ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear:
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Waking thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

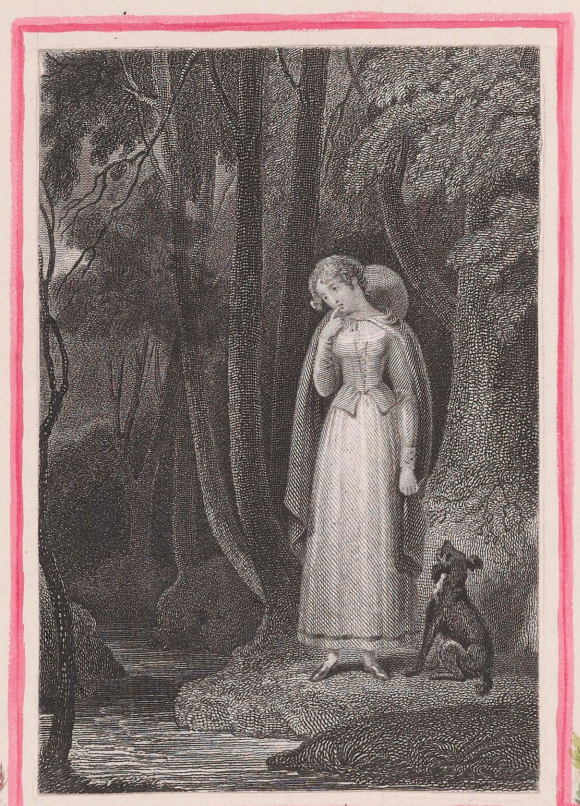
Music!—Oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's self may wear a mask of pain;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

TIMES CHANGES

"I saw her once,— so freshly fair
"That, like a blossom just unfolding—
"She open'd to life's cloudless air,
"And nature joy'd to view its moulding:
"Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
"Her cheeks fine hue divinely glowing—
"Her rosebud mouth— her eyes of jet
"Around on all their light bestowing.
"Oh! who could look on such a form,
"So nobly free, so softly tender—
"And darkly dream— That earthly storm—
"Should dim such sweet— delicious splendour!
"For in her mien, and in her face,—
"And in her young step's fairy lightness,
"Naught could the raptur'd gazer trace
"But Beauty's glow,— and Pleasure's brightness.
"I saw her Youth.— an alter'd charm
"But still of Magic richest, rarest,
"Than Girlhood's Talisman less warm,
"Though yet of earthly sights the fairest.
"Upon her breast she held a child.—
"The very image of its mother;
"Which ever to her smiling smil'd,
"They seem'd to live but in each other.—
"But matron cares, or lurking woe,
"Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
"And from her cheek the weale glow
"Of Girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
"Within her eyes, upon her brow
"Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
"As if in dreams some vision'd woe
"Had broke the Elysium of the Sleeper.

"I saw her thrice — Fates dark decree
"In widow'd garments had array'd her,
"Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
"As e'er my reveries pourtray'd her;
"The glow, the glance, had pass'd away,
"The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter:
"Still, tho' I noted pale decay;
"The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
"For in their place, a calmness dwelt,
"Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
"In which, the bosom felt
"That every louder mirth is folly —
"A pensiveness — which is not grief,
"A stillness! — as of sunset streaming —
"A fairy glow on flower, and leaf,
"Tile Earth looks like a landscape dreaming —

"At last time:— and unmov'd she lay,
"Beyond Life's dim uncertain river,
"A glorious mould of fading clay,
"From whence the spark had fled forever!
"I gazed — my breast was like to burst,
"And, as I thought of years departed,
"The years wherein I saw her first,
"When she, a girl, was lightsome hearted, —
"And, when I mused on later days,
"As moved she in her matron duty,
"A happy Mother, in the blaze
"Of upen'd hope, and sunny beauty, —
"I felt the chill — I turn'd aside —
"Bleak Desolation's color came o'er me,
"And being seem'd a troubled tide
"Whose wrecks in darkness, swarm before me!"—



LOVE and DUTY

A Rural Sketch

by Mrs B. Wilson

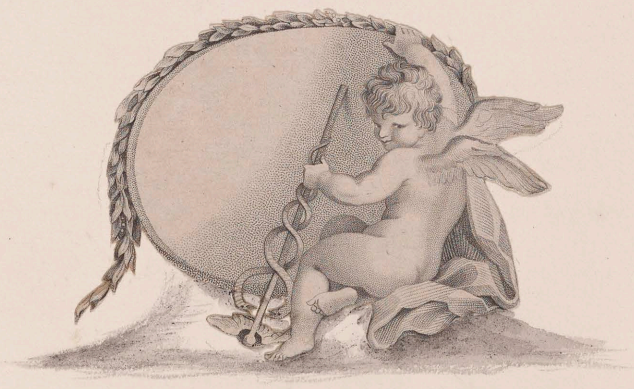
Shall She quit her fair home and its peaceful bowers,
Where the sunny light peeps through the jasmine flowers,
The home of her heart in its earliest Truth,
To follow the steps of a stranger youth,
The world's wide wandering pathways through?
What will not maids, when love leads them, do?

'Twas summer evening's soft and shadowy calm
When a fair hair'd and graceful village girl,
Upon whose gentle cheek the opening rose
Had scarcely blushed in womanhood, stole forth
From the fond shelter of her Father's cot,
To meet the youth she loved. The bay'sting place
Seemed a fit spot, chosen by natures self
For love to build his shrine in: overhead,
The sweet brian, and wild honey suckle twined
Their scented blossoms; while young flowrets round,

The blue tipped violet, and the heath bell pale
(As if to add more fragrance to a scene
Where nature had been prodigal of sweets)
Gave like some youthful beauty coy by kind
Their odors perfume to the wooing breeze,
That kiss'd them as it passed!
At this still hour,
When nothing save the nightingale was heard
Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came,
With noiseless step, gliding unmarked along
To join her soldier lover! He was one
Who to "the pomp and circumstance of war,"
And the fond elegance that women prize,
Owed many a village conquest: nobly born
And ranking with the lofty ones of earth:
Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower
And having snatch'd it from the parent stem,
To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,
Leave it to droop and perish.— Light of mood,
Light too of love was he; and oft would make
With gay companions, o'er the festal board,
Such griefs a theme for merriment.— This eve
The last that would behold him in these shades.
(For war had waved her crimson banner high,
And called her sons to arms), this very eve
Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world
Blushing to mark its follies, she had sworn—
She who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs
That drop their honey'd blossoms on her head—
To share a soldier's fortunes; though she knew
For "quickly comes such knowledge" to the heart,
She could be his, by none but guilty ties—
Ties virtue may not sanction!
As she stood,
On the appointed spot in pensive mood,
Listening the well known footsteps— her blue eyes
Bent on the earth her finger on her lip
In silent contemplation— 'midst the leaves
A gentle rustling stirr'd:— not his the step,
Nor his the touch that met her drooping head
And roused her musing fancy; but she turn'd,
And at her side beheld an humble friend,
The dumb attendant on her infant sports,

Whose shaggy neck in childhood's blameless years,
She oft had wreathed with flowers: his presence now
As with caressing joy he greeted her,
Waked feelings stifled long but unsubdued!
How oft in life the simplest incidents,
A word, a look, a tone, at once recall
Thrilling some answering chord within the soul
The wanderer back to virtue; or arrest
Vice in her mad career! Oh Lilias heart
Such feelings now held empire:- when a child
A fearless happy laughter loving thing
Reaching for water lilies in the stream,
Its faithless bank gave way: one only saw,
One only guessed her danger. Tray had borne
His little mistress dripping to the shore,
Pale the flowers she sought for. Thoughts of this
Brought thoughts of Mark with it. How alas!
How shall her trembling swelling heart decide
'Twixt Love and Duty? Shall she cling to him
And fearless follow on, through distant climes
Wars chequered prospects? Love has mighty power,
But Duty's still small voice, pleads in her soul
With greater eloquence. At natures bidding
A thousand tender gentle thoughts arise
To win her from such purpose; now they steal
Like distant music, o'er her struggling heart
And melt it into softness. Memory too,
(Memory the potent sorceress who keeps
The golden key that opes the gate of tears)
Kiss her kind influence - leads the doubtless maid,
Unresisting many a thread of tangled thoughts
Back to the pleasures of her cottage-home;
Painting in glowing tints to fancys eye,
Joys she would sigh to leave - the rustic dance
To the brisk pipe upon the village green
At summers sunset hour - the merry tale
Or sportive jest told o'er the social fire,
When wintry torrents fall.
Then shifts the scene:
And lo! the stirring attributes of war -
The field of carnage, and the bed of death
Rise to her mental sights; with all the wants.

The wasting cares, indignities, and woes,
That woman, never meant to share such toils,
Following a camp, must suffer! Then again,
As busy Fancy plies her skilful loom,
Weaving the griefs of many years to come
Into a moment's space — again she sees
Tears (and the bitterest tears that man can shed),
Wept for a daughter's shame, in eyes that once
Gleam'd with affection's pride! Those hallow'd lips,
Whose morning prayer, whose nightly vision,
Breathed o'er her head new blessings — shall they grow
Withered and pale with curses? Shall the heart
That did enshrine her as a precious gem,
And own no other treasure, live to feel
Its milk of love turn'd into bitter gall,
Loathing a child's dishonour? — Ah strange chance!
Cupid, thou boasted archer! could thy dart
Sever at once as with a giant's stroke
Kind nature's earliest ties? Happy the maid,
Who, pausing upon vice's flower-crown'd brink,
Feels that no lover, and no power in love
Can pay her for a parent's vanish'd smile,
Made stranger by her folly! — Oh! did all
But feel as Silias felt, there would not be
Wandering about our crime-fill'd crowded streets
So many wretched ones! — The maiden fled,
Nor dared to trust her heart — fled when she saw
Waving plumes between the opening boughs,
Nor sought another glance; nor stay'd to view
One pleading look — nor hear one subtile sigh
Convinced the maid who hesitates — is lost!!



Fairies' Song.

Playful and wild as the fire-flies light,
That dance around the meek moon-beam bright;
Like the foam on the dark green sea,
So the spell that is laid on any loved by me.
Bare your sigh as sweet as the dumbdid sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh;
Bare your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
Bere that sigh and that smile for ever the same -
They were shadows, and fruel, to love's death flame.

Love vows formed are annuled,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves red.
The pearls were fair as pearls could be,
And white as maiden purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rain-bow changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your lover one little while,
Tears will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh, one mingle together,
Like the bloom, sun, and clouds, of the sweet spring weather.
Love never must sleep in security,
Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

Elegant Impromptu.

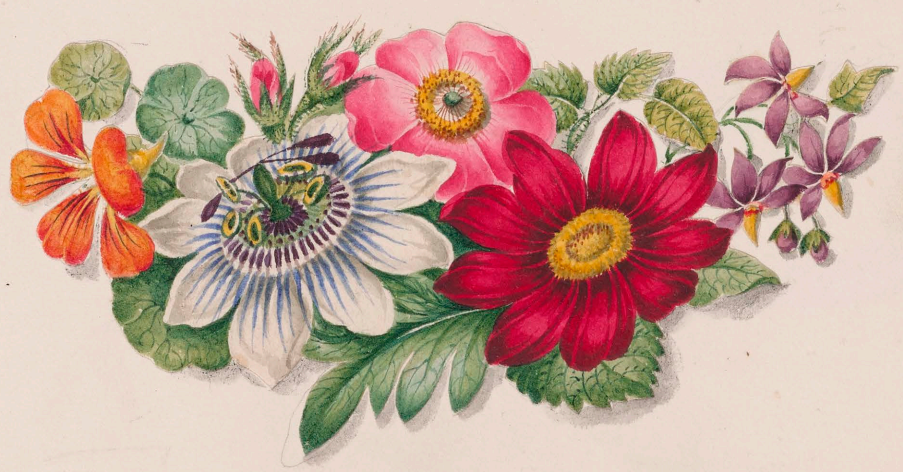
As Dr Young was one day walking in his garden with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wanted to speak with him. "Tell him" says the Doctor "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron & his friend; but no persuasion had any effect they took him one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when finding further resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines: —

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n.
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drove us both:
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind".



SONNET

I could have lengthened out one fleeting hour
Into an age, sitting at set of Sun
Under the long low open shed where won
The mellow evening light through leaf and flower,
Playing the hostess in that summer bower
To such dear guests, while rose the antique song
By those young sisters' voices pourd along;
So wild, so pure, so clear, full of sweet power,
Ringing and vibrating. It was a lay
That sent a smile into the very heart,
As when the early lark shoots up in May
With his blithe matins, rarer than all art
Save this. O happiest and most feeling day
Why art thou gone so soon? Why must we part? –



TO A LADY

On her saying she did not believe me

By Francis Kingston Esqr.

Believe me or believe me not,
But if to me the power were given
My every idle word to blot
From that bright record kept in Heaven:

If all my lips have ever said,
If all my eyes, my heart, would say;
If every secret thought were read,
And what I wished were swept away;

I would not from th'eternal book,
If such indeed were Heaven's decree,
Erase a word, a thought, a look,
I ever gave sweet maid to thee.

On a True Friend.

Hast thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply:
Treasure to serve your every need,
Well managed, till you die.

Cowper.

By a young Officer.

On the Eve of his departure for India.

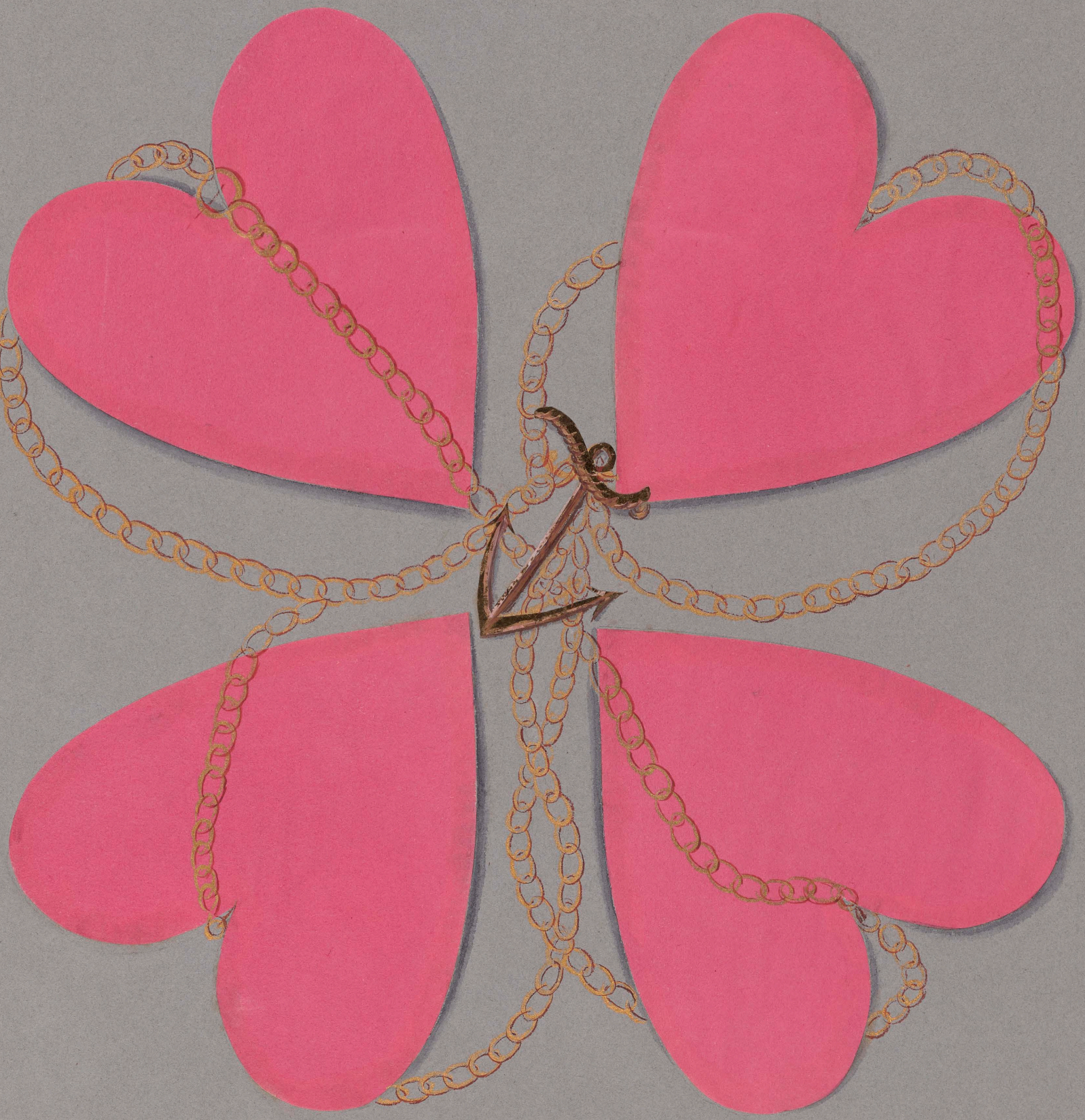
"When shall we four meet again
"When shall we four meet again?
"Oft' shall glowing hope expire,
"Oft' shall wearied love retire,
"Oft' shall death and sorrow reign
"Ere we four shall meet again."

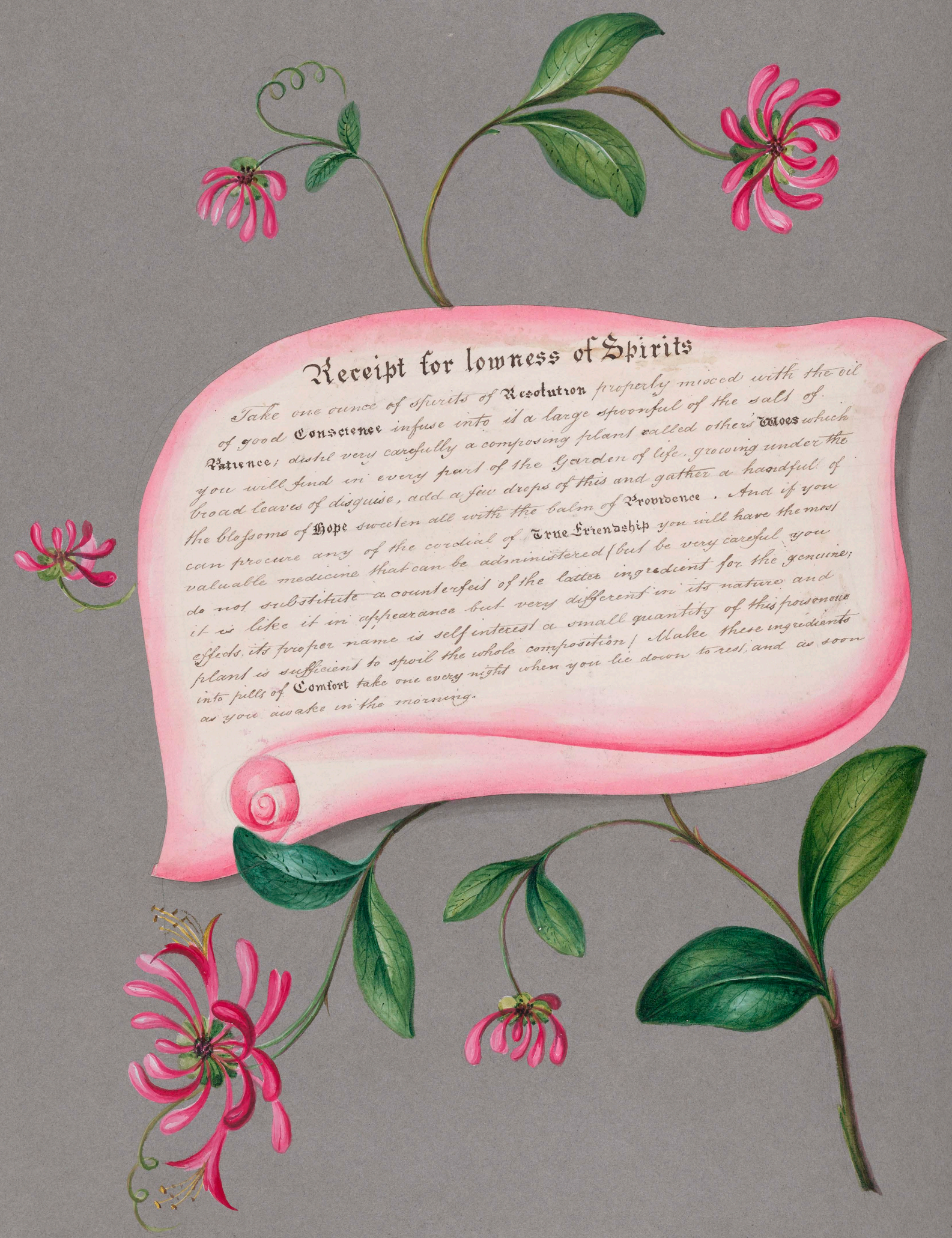
"Though in distant lands I stray,
"Parch'd beneath a hostile ray;
"Though the rolling sea mark bars,
"Friendship shall unite our hearts.
"Still in fancy's rich domain,
"Oft' shall we four meet again."

"When the dreams of life are fled,
"When the wearied lamp is dead,
"When in cold oblivion's shade,
"Beauty, friendship, fame are laid;
"Where immortal spirits reign,
"There shall we four meet again."

The meeting of Friends.

"And doth not a meeting like this, make amends
"For all the long years I've been wandering away?—
"To see them around me, my youthful early friends,
"To (smiling) and kind as in that happy day!
"Tho' haply the lame of your brows, as are mine,
"The snow-fall of time may be sterling — what then!
"Like Alps in the sun-set, thrice brightly we'll shine,
"And wear the gay tints of youth's rose again.
"What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
"In gazing on those we've been told to so long!
"The tarnish, the jags, of which once they were part,
"Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.
"Its letter some hand hath unkindly torn'd,
"Whom holds to the flame will stand out on the sight,
"So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
"The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.
"And thus, as in memory's book, o'er these glide
"To wish the scenes of our childhood anew,
"Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
"The wreck of full many a hope shining through:
"Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
"Strah some transcle a garden of all the gay shore,
"Decided for a moment we'll think them all ours,
"And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.
"So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
"Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
"Think oft' (even joy, in embodied and lost,
"For want of some heart, that could echo it near.
"Ah, well may we hope, when this brief life is gone,
"To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
"For, a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hest'ning on,
"Is all we can enjoy, of each other in this.
"Rich, come — the more rare such delights to the heart,
"The more we should welcome, and clasp them the more;
"They are ours when assembled — they're lost when we part,
"Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
"Then circling our hearts, thus still closer each link,
"Let sympathy guide us through pleasure, tho' pain,
"And fast as that feeling doth kindness one link,
"Her magic shall send it three times 'round the chain!"




Receipt for lowness of Spirits
Take one ounce of spirits of Resolution properly mixed with the oil of good Conscience infuse into it a large spoonful of the salt of Patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called others Aloes which you will find in every part of the Garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise, add a few drops of this and gather a handful of the blossoms of Hope sweeten all with the balm of Providence. And if you can procure any of the cordial of True Friendship you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered (but be very careful you do not substitute a counterfeit of the latter ingredient for the genuine; it is like it in appearance but very different in its nature and effects its proper name is self interest a small quantity of this poisonous plant is sufficient to spoil the whole composition) Make these ingredients into pills of Comfort take one every night when you lie down to rest, and as soon as you awake in the morning.



DIOGENES.



Receipt for a MODERN DUEL

Two fools, with each an empty head,
Or like their pistols lin'd with lead;
Two minor fools to measure distance,
A surgeon to afford assistance;
A paragraph to catch the fair,
And tell the world how brave they are!!

An Acrostic for the lovers of Alliteration

Sha sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing, still,
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear;
Pleasure's pure pinions praise prince, peasant, peer.
Hushing high hymns heaven hears her harmony,
Earth's envy ends, enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need ninefold nerve, nor need I name
Soul stirring Stephens' skill! sure seraphs sing the same!

Native Land.

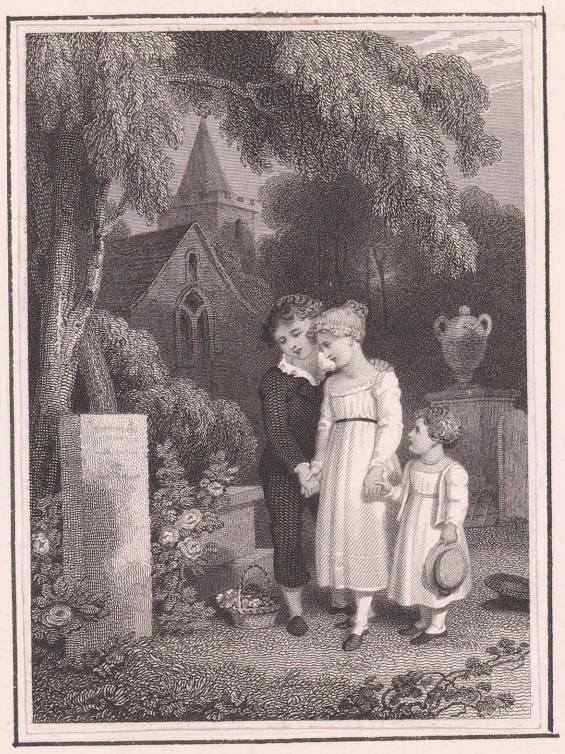
There is a holy feeling chain
That wreathes itself into the human heart
Nor time can rust nor absence tear in twain,
Nor thy sharp tooth, Ingratitude can part.
Ask the poor peasant on his lonely hill,
With all his wants he loves his country still.

Who of the sternest has not felt the spell,
The nameless, ceaseless, never dying love
Of his own land? O let the exile tell,
Whose withering heart can well this feeling prove:
All things may fade before thy ruthless hand
O Time! but dreams of youth and love of native land.

Friendship

By F. Kingston Esqr.

Oh, prized and loved through many a year
Of pain and sorrow past away!
Why should'st thou lady blush to hear,
Why should I think it wrong to say
How near in pure regard thou art
To the best feelings of my heart?
And yet my inmost thoughts of thee,
The sinless eye of God might see:
Nor would it dim one ray of light
That shines around the eternal throne.
If of the Angels the most bright
Such thoughts of mortal kind should own.
A Sister's love I ne'er have know,
But it has ever seemed to be
Like that regard which thou hast shown,
The same in weal or woe for me.
Nor were I worthy to be blest
With friendship so sincere and true
Unless my very soul confessed
Esteem as pure, as sinless too.



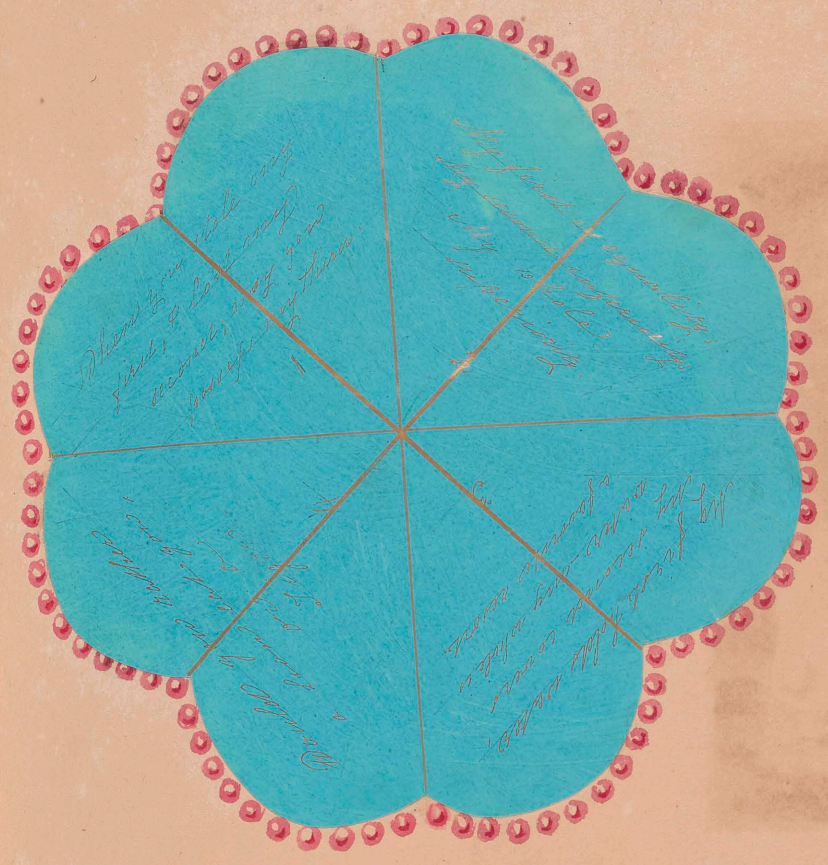
THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

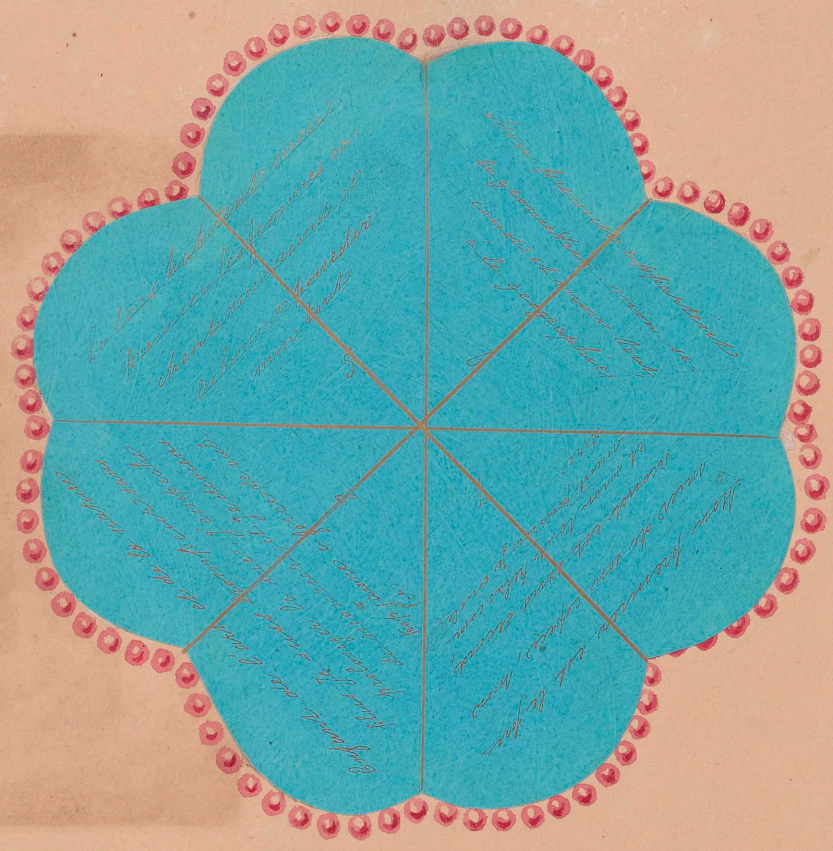
And that same dew which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty infant's eyes
In tears — Shakespeare —

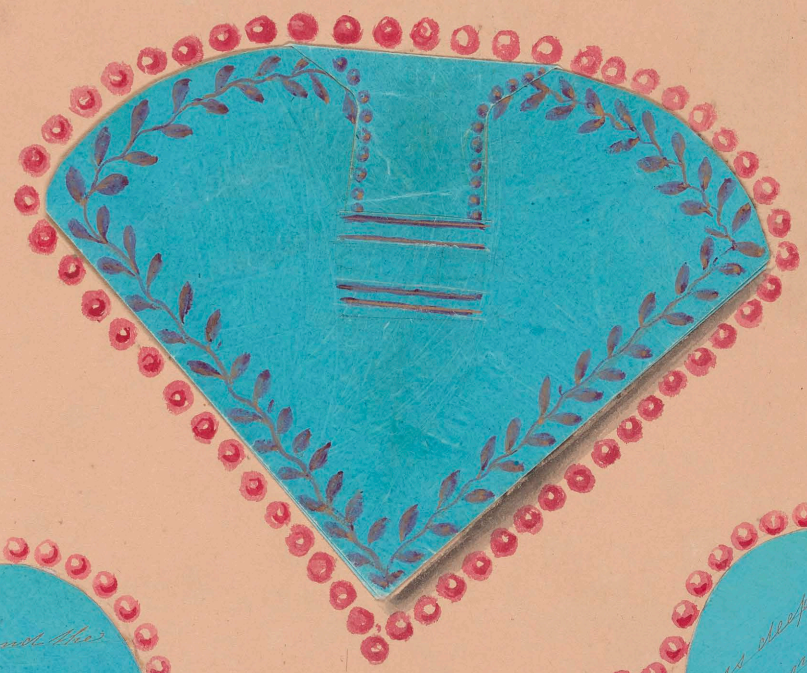
'Look, sister sweet, upon that hallow'd stone,
We stand upon a spot of love and fear;
For there is laid a heart, the fondest one,
That ever left it's children weeping here.'

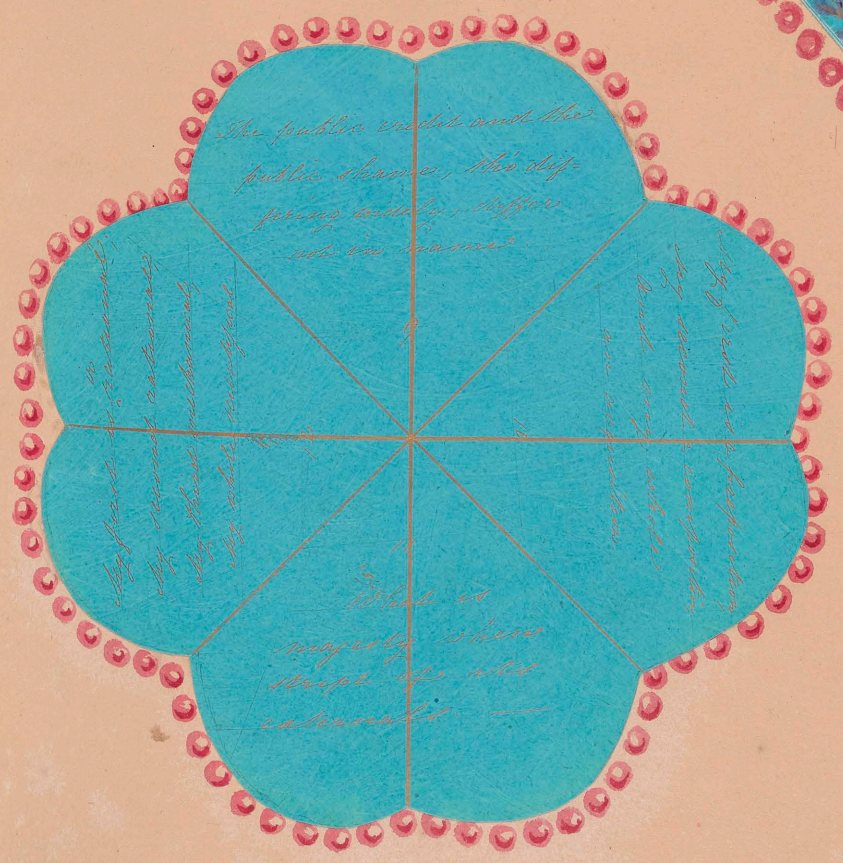
'There sleeps our mother, in the silent dust,
By all our sorrow all our love unmoved;
Sleeps till the solemn summons of the just
Bids her awake, to meet the God she loved.'

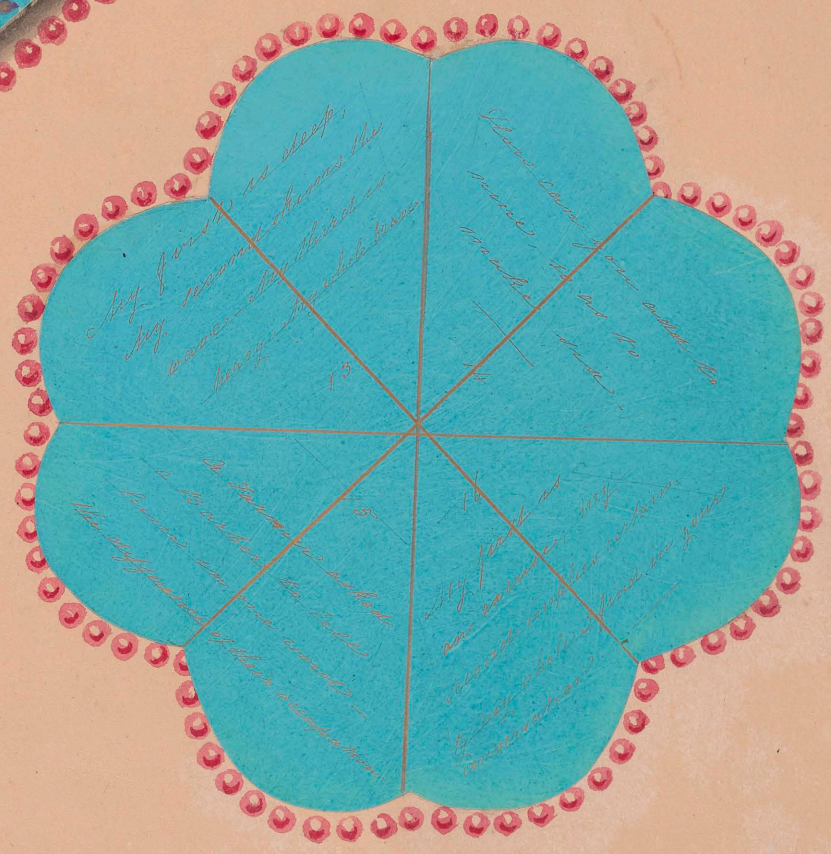
'But oh, 'tis joy to think that Time may bear
Us onward to a world of fadeless bliss,
That we again may see, and love her there,
Whom we so fondly loved, and prized in this.'
















REQUIESCO FELICE



Suggested by Chantrey's Statue of Lady Louisa Boysel.

By Mrs Hemans.

Thou art a thing, in our dreams to rise,
Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies;
And to fling bright dew from the morning back
Fair form, on each image of childhood's track!

Thou art a thing, to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers,
When a world was our own in some dim, sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive Dove!

Are they gone? can we think it, whilst thou art there,
Thou radiant child with the clustering hair?
Is it not spring, that indeed breathes free
And freshly o'er each thought, as we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile as then
Shadeless sound smiles from thy sunny brow!
Yet something it is in our hearts to retain
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine.

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy buoyant grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn!

Receive, dear Friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the coast's more shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the lofticst tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth
And Nature laughs again.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.



A Reflection on the foregoing Case

And is this all? Can Reason do no more,
Than bid me shun the Deep, and dread the Shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an Art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.



The Rose and Lilly

The nymph must lose her female friends,
If more admir'd than she —
But where were fierce contention ended,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lilly and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddden'd into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign

The Lilly's height bespoke command,
A form unrivall'd shew'd;
She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her pow'r.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

'Yours is,' she said, 'the nobler race,
And yours the fairer hue,
And tho' a third surpasses you
Let each be deem'd a queen.'

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair.
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

Cowper.



The following poem was sent with a bottle of Otto of Roses to Mrs Sullivan who had recently left Smyrna.

Quand la belle Sultianne quitta l'Asie
La Rose Amoureuse de ses beaumes
Pleura à la Morte de la Belle Amie
Et cette bouteille contient des larmes.

Song

Though he thinks for the fountains
A lad such is man its fires meet he from all the mountains
When breathing but where it waters and upon his drink
In arbors twin with its pleasures we sorrow
May ever such woo it like it its feature
Bind me forever that I may gather
For me infear of the eternal time
And lose half the

Oh where is honor safe? not with the living
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams
And make them truths — they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings; grow upon disgraces;
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues
Oh! how they cast to sink it."

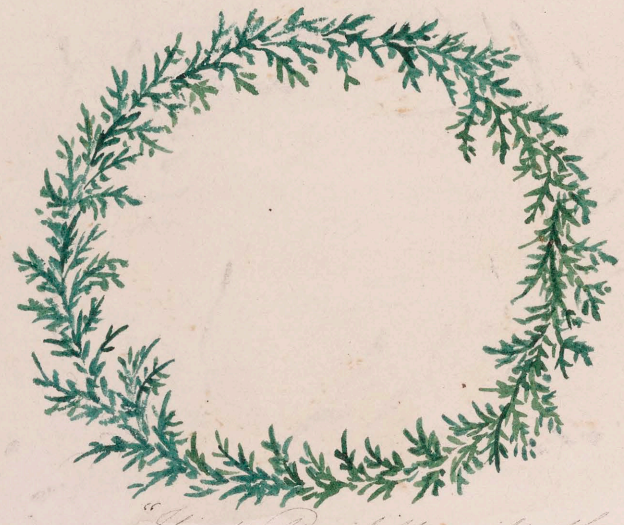
Beaumont

"The Moon is in her summer glow,
"And hoarse and high the breezes blow,
"And parking o'er his face, the cloud
"Varies the tincture of his shroud;
"On Barnard's towers and Tees's stream,
"The changes as a guilty dream,
"Pale conscience, with remorse and fear,
"Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
"The light seems now the blush of shame,
"Seems now pale anger's darker flame;
"Shifting wild shades to come and go,
"Like apprehensions hurried glow;
"Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
"And dies in darkness, like despair."

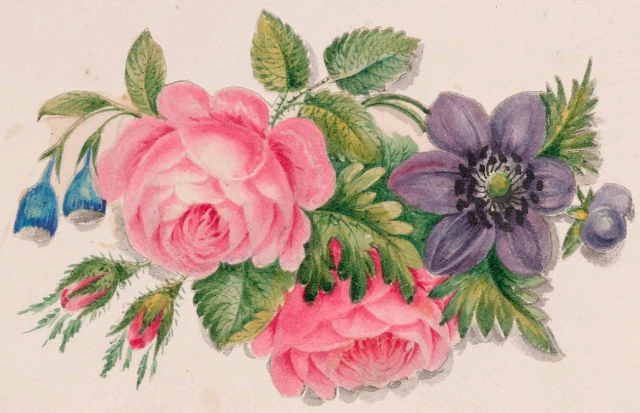
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The sultry summer day is done,
"The western hills have hid the sun,
"But mountain peak and village spire
"Retain reflection of his fire. * * * * *
"The crimson and the gold array'd,
"Streaks yet awhile the closing shade,
"Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
"The tints which brighter boon had given.
"Thus aged man, full ripe in worth and store
"The vanities of life forego,
"And count the gain of heavenly lore,
"While Memory lends her light no more."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *



"Kind Dyrloff, wilt thou by
"Thy minstrel skill? — nay, no reply? —
"And look not sad! — I guess thy thoughts,
"Thy verse with laurels would be bought,
"And poor Matilda, landless now,
"Has not a garland for thy brow.
"Then I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
"Nor wander more in Greta's shades;
"But sure no rigid jailor, there
"Bids a slave's prison — walls allow,
"Where summer flowers grow wild as wife,
"Or Hazelwood — chase, and Forlorn — Hill;
"Thou holly green and lily gay
"Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay." —
"The mournful youth, a space awhile,
"To tune Matilda's harp applies;
"And then a low sad descant rung,
"As prelude to the lay he sung."



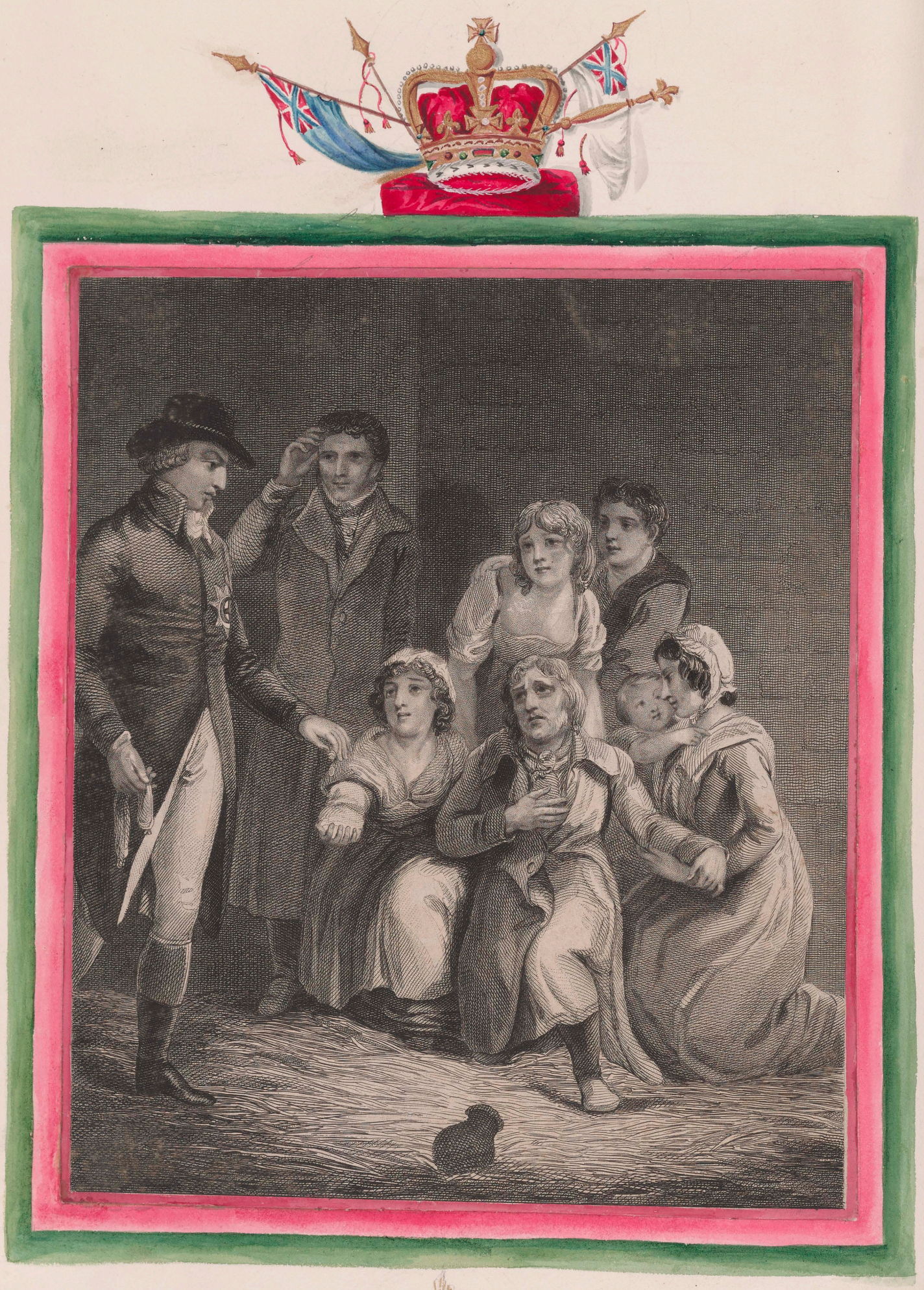
The Cypress Wreath.

O Lady twine no wreath for me;
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
For lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The may-flower and the eglantine,
May shade a brow less sad than mine.
Then, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The stately oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then Lady twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree! * * *

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph blow;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then Lady twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

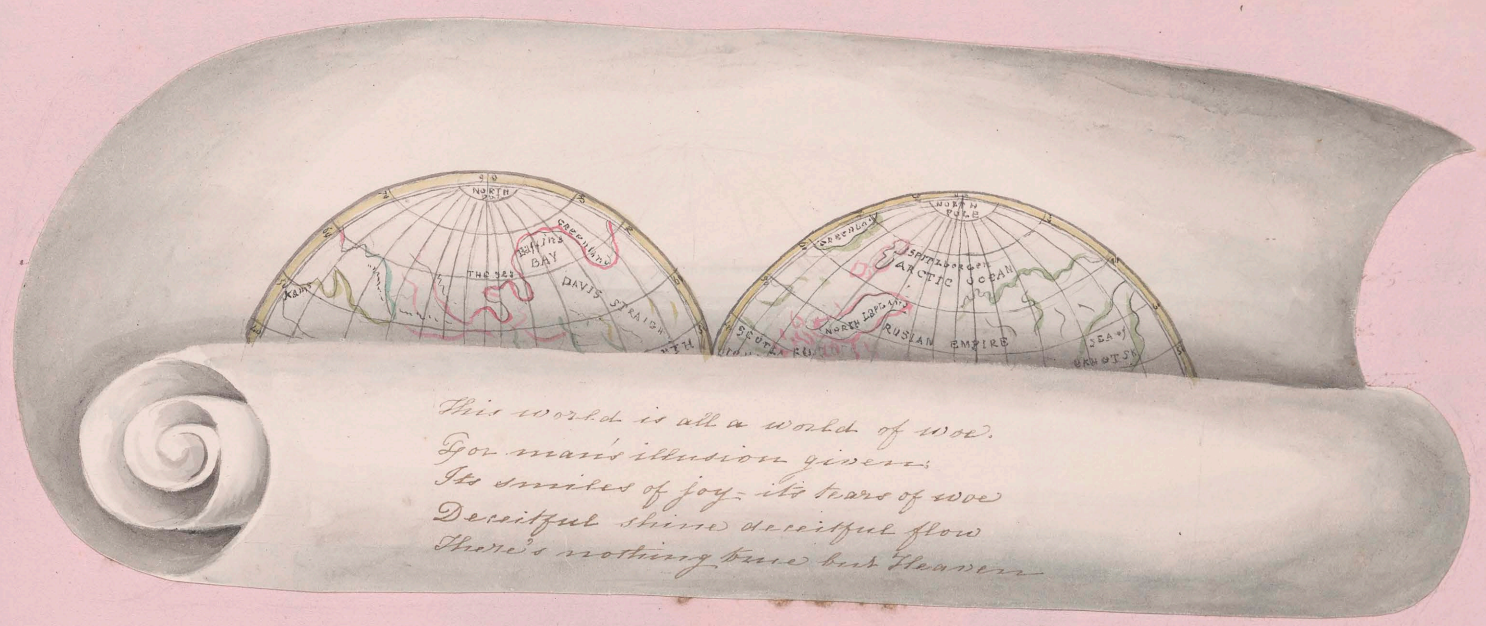
Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But O, Matilda, twine not now!
Nay, till a few brief months are past
And I have looked and loved my last!
Then villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue, —
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.





It is a painful, humbling thought—
To know the empire of the mind,
With wit endowed, with science fraught,
So fleeting as the passing wind;
And that the richest boon of Heaven
To man — is rather lent, than given.





The Deceitfulness of the World

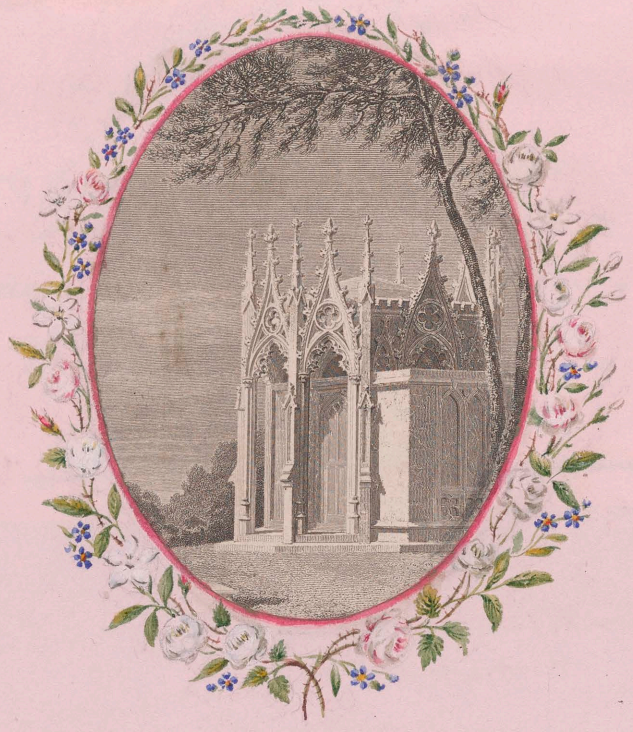
In the morning of life, when its sweet sunny smile,
Shines bright on our path, we may dream we are blest;
We may look on the world as a gay fairy isle,
Where sorrow's unknown, and the weary have rest.

But the brightness that shone, and the hopes we enjoy'd
Are clouded ere noon, and soon vanish away;
While the dark beating tempests on life's stormy tide
Obscures all the sweets of the morning's bright ray.

Then where are those bowers, in some gay happy plain
Where hope ne'er deceives, and where love is aye true;
Where the brightness of morning shines on but to gain
A sunshine as bright and as promising too.

Oh, ask for it not, in this valley of night,
Where we smile but to weep and we ne'er can find rest;
For that world we would wish, shines afar in the skies,
Where sorrow's unknown — 'tis the home of the blest!!





The ornamental plantations of Claremont are luxurious and admirably diversified by bold undulations of surface. Upon one of the most elevated sides, called the amphitheatre, from the fine view which it commands, formerly stood an ancient garden-seat, on which the Princess Charlotte contemplated the surrounding scenery, on her first visit to her adopted residence. "The Evergreen Mount," as she then called it, soon became a favoured spot — she visited it often, and was daily more and more enamoured of its charms. Her Royal Highness therefore, resolved to erect on this spot a small building that should supply an agreeable retreat at all seasons, during her retirement with the prince her husband from the busy scenes of public life.

The resolution was made with the ardour of youth, gaily anticipating the delights of social intercourse, of friendly confidence and affectionate seclusion, to be enjoyed there, and perhaps already pictureing the "mother's holidays," when the anxious promise should be realized, and she should there watch the daily development of her infant's mind and instruct its genius to fulfil the important objects of its destiny.

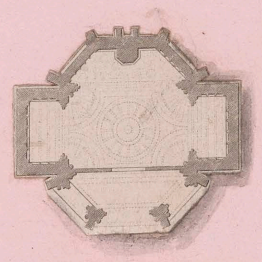
The building was immediately begun, and in the Gothic style — this being admirably suited to the surrounding accompaniments; and as the Princess observed, "because it was the architecture of her country."

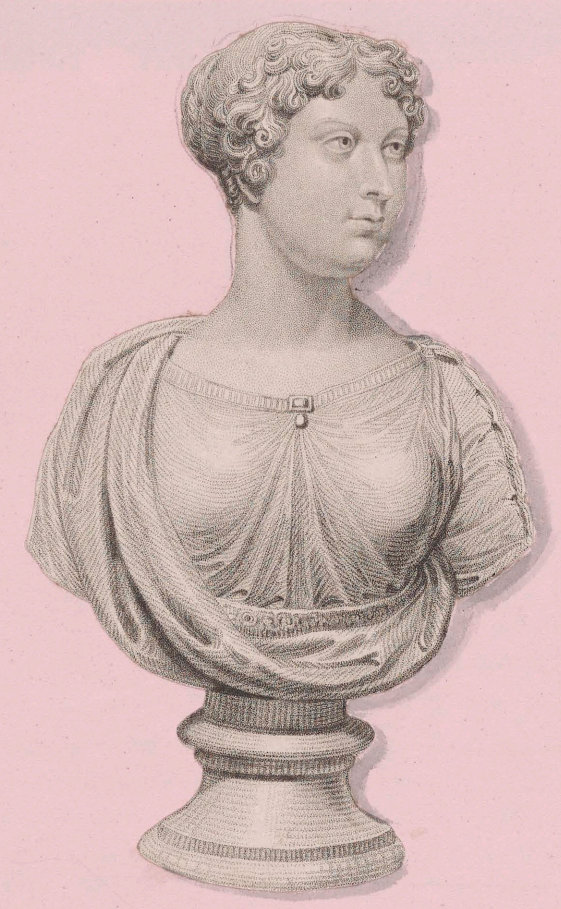
But just when the work was on the eve of completion, the awful moment arrived, in which, with breathless anxiety, the whole nation listened in expectant delight — when, in an instant, the dearly cherished hope was destroyed by that astounding intelligence, that heart sickening disappointment, which filled the empire with one sorrow, the genuineness and intensity of which had no parallel, but in the universal admiration of those excellencies now (if possible) the more valued by their loss.



Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was borne for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchained it
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes.
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale!
Our gayest and loveliest lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow.
Oh then was her moment! dear Spirit for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly in dying,
Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her spring time she flew,
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd!
And now like a star beyond evening's cold dew
Looks radiantly down on the tears of the world.—





Oh Thou, just lent thy gladdened isles to bless.
Thou snatch'd from youth, in all thy loveliness,
With all a nation's blessings on thy head;
Oh, England's flower! wert gather'd to the dead!
But thou didst teach us:— Thou to every heart
Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
When fled the hope 'midst all thine ills that smil'd
When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless child,
Yearn'd with vain sorrow; still thy patient eye,
To its last light, beam'd holy constancy!
Torn from a lot, in cloudless sunshine cast,
Amidst those agonies,— thy first and last,
Thy pale lips quiv'ring with convulsive throes,
Breath'd not a plaint, but settled in repose;
While bow'd thy royal head to Him, whose pow'r
Spoke in the first of that midnight hour;
Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for his own.
'It is the will of God.' Yet, yet, we hear,
The words which clos'd thy beautiful career.
Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
But for that thought,— 'It is the will of God!'
Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree,
If not one ransom then escap'd from thee?
Oh! still, though vanishing without a trace,
Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
Still shall thy memory bloom our hills among,
Hallow'd by freedom; and enshrin'd in song!
Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell,
Bright on the isles which lov'd thy name so well;
E'en as an angel with presiding care,
To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

Human Life

BY BERNARD BARTON

"In the Morning it flourisheth and groweth up in the
"Evening is cut down and withereth"

Psalm xc. verse vi

'I walked in the fields at mornings prime
The grass was ripe for mowing
The sky-lark sang his matin chime
And all was brightly glowing'

'"And thus" I cried, "the ardent boy"
His pulse with raptures beating
Dreams life's inheritance is joy —
The future proudly greeting'

'I wandered forth at noon — alas
O'er earths maternal bosom
The sythe had left the withering grass
And stretched the fading blossom'

'And thus, I thought with many a sigh
The hopes we fondly cherish
Like flowers which blossom but to die
Seem only born to perish'

'Once more at eve abroad I strayed
Through lonely hay-fields musing
While every breeze that round me played
Rich fragrance was diffusing'

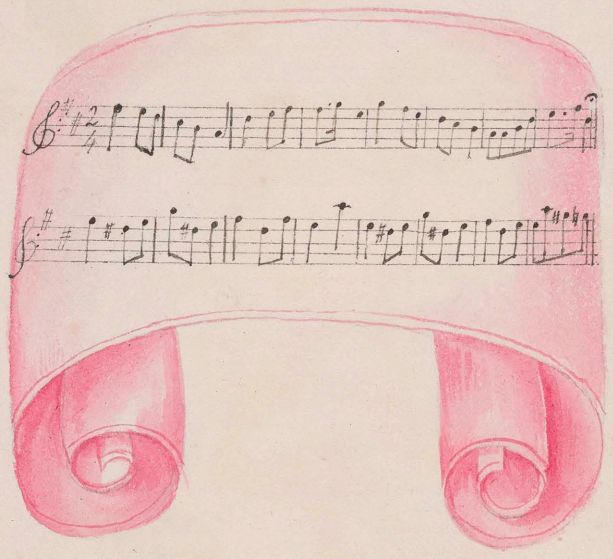
'The perfumed air the hush of eve
To purer hopes appealing
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve
Scattered the balm of healing'

'For thus the actions of the just
When memory hast enshrined them
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them'

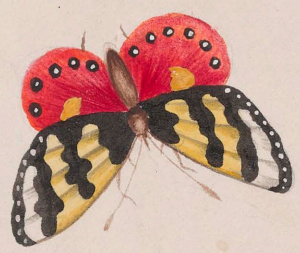
















"The moonlight fell like pity on the walls
"Of Holyrood, which the conqueror, Time,
"Had made unto destruction: the gray roofs,
"Without one cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;
"And nothing came upon the soul but sofe,
"Dark Images. And this was once a Palace!
"Where the rich wine answered to the lute,
"And banishers flung the flowers from their hair
"Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance
"Kept time with light hearts, and yet lighter feet;
"And here the beautiful Mary held her court. * * *
"Here, royal in her beauty and her power;
"The prison and the scaffold, could they be
"For kingly whose very name was not for her?
"And this, now fallen sanctuary, how oft
"Have hymns and incense made it holiness!
"How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
"Its once fair windows may have stolen to pour
"Its pure clear thoughts which have no end,
"In deep and silent prayer, when the heart finds
"That it may not suffice unto itself,
"But seeks communion with that other state
"Whose mystery, to it, is as a shroud
"For which it may conceal its stripe of thought,
"And find repose. . . . . .
. . . . . "But it is utterly changed!
"No incense rises, save some chance wild flower
"Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,
"No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;
"And all is desolate and solitude.
"And thus it is with tombs of destiny!
"Clay fashions on with gold — and none may tell
"What the chain's mesh unravelling will be.
"Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights!
"Alas, for time! — still more, alas, for change!"

E. E. L.



The Voice of Spring.

'I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waken'ing earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.'

'I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
—But it is not for me in my hours of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!'

'Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay
Come forth to the sun-shine, I may not stay!'

'Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light steps trace by the wild-wood stream,
And youth is abroad in my green dominions.'

'But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features past!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
—Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?'

Ye

'Ye are changed, ye are changed! — and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tost in the breeze with a play of light,
There were eyes in whose glist'ning laughter lay
No fainest remembrance of dull decay!

'There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread!
There were voices that rang thro' the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains pass'd?
— Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

'I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes, and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

'They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death wields the blooms of the morn may dwell;
I tarry no longer — farewell, farewell!

'The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may reap the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more,
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not blighted, — fare ye well, farewell!"

Mrs Hem





















Dear Beneficence! Gentleness shall walk beside thee, that if thy foot slipped she may support thee; and if the path be too rugged for thy feet which misfortune may have deprived of their defence —— my Gratitude with a willing mind & duty eye, (remembering the past) shall stoop down, and taking the sandals from her own feet, fasten them on thine.



The thirty-first of December

: As if an Angel spoke,
I hear the solemn sound.

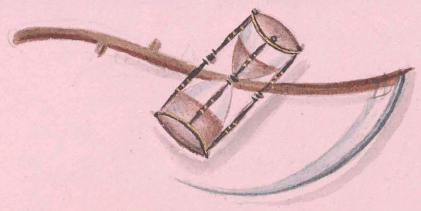
Young.

Hark! the deep-toned chime of that bell,
As it breaks on the midnight air;
Seems it not tolling a funeral knell?
'Tis the knell of the parting year!
Before that bell shall have ceased its chime,
The year shall have sunk in the ocean of Time.

Oh! many an eye that was burning bright
At this year's from its slumber rose!
Has slumbered by anguish, or sealed in night,
Ere it reached its dreary close;
And hearts that in gladness were blooming then,
Have withered — O never to bloom again!

Yet the wind will grow calm, and the billow will sleep,
And Sorrow bring Joy by its side;
And hours of delight o'er young spirits will sweep,
And the lover be blest in his bride;
And blue eyes of beauty unclouded by a tear,
Dice yet bound at thy memory, thou happy old year.

To me, parted year, thou hast not been unkind,
Though my glimpses of sunshine were few;
I welcomed thee calmly, part from thee resigned,
Nor breathe one reproach with adieu:
No, thanks to thy speed, that my pilgrimage here
By so much is shortened — thou fare thee well, year!



The Suicides Grave

Look on this mound: the newly-turned-up earth
Has two or three green patches of wild flowers,
Pale in their slighted beauty; one white group
Of daisies that, like the sweet gifts of hope,
Spring every where: methinks, it were a spot
Whereon the traveller would love to pause,
And the tir'd peasant rest him from his toil,—
So cool the ashen tree spreads its green cloud,
So beautiful the lanes that from it wind,
So rich the sweep of meadows it commands.
But no! all shun the place; some in vague fear,
And some in piety, some in pious awe:
It is the Suicide's unholy grave:
The one who sleeps here, had no humble prayer
Breath'd o'er the day it hallow'd by its faith;—
Even in death, shunn'd by his fellow men!

In the small village which that first green lane
Leads to, in serpentines of sun and shade,
By hedges, fill'd with may and violets,
And scarlet strawberries and honey-suckle,
An old man dwelt; he had an only son,
The child of his old age. Himself had led
A life of toil upon the ocean wave,
And came at length to spend his latter days,
In peace and quiet, 'neath the straw thatch'd roof
Which saw his birth.

A few brief words may tell
How pass'd the early childhood of that boy,
In innocence, in health, and happiness:
But time brings many changes, and he went
To seek his fortune in the crowded city.
It was a sabbath evening when he left
His native village, and the ringing bells
Were pealing cheerfully, and the red light
Made mirrors of the cottage lattices.
When they had reach'd the green lane, which shut out

out

The hamlet from their view, the old man paus'd,
And bade the youths look back. "Just such a day
It was when I return'd again to my own home;
May your heart be as light when you come back
As mine was then."

They paused, and the boy
Went on, with hurried steps, as if to leave
His thoughts and tears behind. But once he paused
Before a break in the thick hedge's screen;
There lay the meadows, with their fragrant hay,
Breathing of June; the small white cottages,
The garden filled with fruit trees, the clear stream,
The willows crowding on its further bank;
The church, whose window like a rainbow shone;
And there he saw his father, saw him turn
Towards the burying ground, and tears, which fill'd
His heart, gush'd forth like rain. Why must we lose
The sweet warm feelings of our earlier time?
The world is as the sea, in whose salt waves,
Like streams, we lose the freshness of our youth.

Long years have pass'd,
Yet look from that green lane, and mark how slight
The change that time has made; the same clear stream
Darkens beneath the willow, the red sun
Lights the same colours in the window pane;
And there the cottage, where the old man dwelt,
Looking the same, though he dwells there no more.
Alas! how much the change that marks the course
Of time, is only in man's heart and works!
There is such change in cities; towers arise,
And halls and palaces, and the next day
Some other vanity fills up the scene.
But in the quiet valleys, where the hind
Lives in the cottage, follows at the plough,
Which were his fathers, time will scarcely leave
A vestage of his flight: Yet, even here
One saddest change has been; that aged man,
Propping his feeble steps by the white rail
Before the workhouse, he is old and blind,
And the rail is at once support and guide.

His eyes have lost their sight with many tears:
The child he lov'd, led step by step to guilt;
Had been an outcast from his native land,
For seven long years. One morning he had crept
By his accustom'd path, rejoic'd to feel
The warmth of summer light upon his brow,
And near his side pass'd a pale haggard man,
Who turn'd to gaze upon him: 'twas his child!
My father! groan'd the wanderer, and hid
His ghastly face within his hands; the voice
Pierc'd to the old man's heart—he knew his son.
He trembled, and the wretched one sprang forth
And caught him in his arms;—but he was dead!
Next day, a corpse was seen upon the river:
They took the body, but they did not dare
To lay the guilty where the innocent
Sleep their last slumber: it was laid
In common earth, where careless feet might tread;—
It is this mound.

Song

Swan-like form and snowy arms,
Though around thee fondly wreathing;
Softest eye that instant charms;
Ruby lips their dove-chains breathing;
These may youth in thraldom bind,
Yet thine power must yield to Mind.

Love-bedazzled youth may stray
Lowly slave in beauty's bower;
Beauty fades, like April's ray;
A breath may blight the gorgeous flower:
Then will youth disgusted see
His heart's deep idolatry!

Lady mine! oh, thine's the sway!
Where the tide of passion's flowing,
There hath loveliness her way
Dashed, and 'tis lightly glowing.
There we wondering see combin'd,
Beauty's gold, with gems of mind.

ELLA.

Not fairer to the breath of morn
Wakes the pure rose at lowly thorn,
Nor lovelier to the gales of heaven
Its violet's balmy fragrance given,
Than opened Ella's youthful prime,
Exotic in too cold a clime;
Her spirit was so finely wrought,
With such intensity of thought,
That this dull world seem'd to her eye
A thing of cold insanity.
A light breeze rippled o'er the sea,
The boat was dancing joyously,
And on the air as pendant flew
In wreathing folds of azure blue;
Upon the shore, with tear-filled eye,
Pale Ella saw the vessel nigh,
And while she closer press'd my arm,
(— Is held by some o'erpowering charm;)
Her parched lips no utt'rance gave,
Her tongue was silent as the grave,
Until we parted — "Be thy lot
Whate'er it may, forget me not!"—
Was all she sigh'd. Off on the main
Her last words flash'd, across my brain.
And I have cross'd the boundless ocean,
Where storms arise in wild commotion,
And where the mountain billows driven
Wage war against the stars of heaven;
Yet still escaped the lightning's flash,
And brav'd in vain the sea-storm's crash,
To see the fairest form of earth
Inanimate in second birth,
The loveliest thing of mortal day,
Even beautiful in long decay.
Yes — I have seen each raven tress
Stray o'er her lifeless loveliness,
And mark'd the pale and faded cheek,
The lips that all but language speak,
That even now, to soothe my lot,
Seem to repeat, "Forget me not!"
No, never, whilst the busy brain
Can memory or thought retain,
May I forget thee; but my prayer
For thee shall seraphs upward bear,
And the last sigh to close my lot
Shall be, "That I forget thee not!"



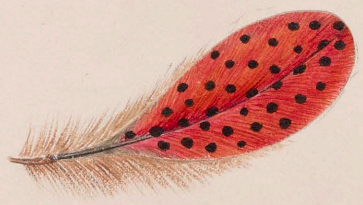


Ellens Story

Hear it ye who feel!!

"Her parents dying left her to the care
"Of one that was a widow, whose sad heart
"Lived in her Son; a wanderer o'er the main.
"Time passed, winds blew, seas rolld, and with the spring
"That sun returnd to make it smile the more.
"Full many a storm and many a parching clime,
"Had tanned the color of the seamans brow;
"But still his bright blue eye illumed a face
"Of manly beauty which Ellen saw - and
"Her cheek to crimson glowd. He caught the sign,
"Improvd the fair occasion, spoke of love;
"'Twas the first time the sound had caught her ear,
"Or touched her senses with its sweet alarm.
"Abashd confounded, blushing to be seen,
"She drooped, as droops the green and tender leaf.
"Over the lily of the vale to hide
"The modest blossom growing to its heart;
"Alas! that envious poverty should e'er
"Forbid the bands when young affections meet—
"Another voyage, but quick and prosperous.
"Another voyage but luckier than the last,
"Must Henry make, and he and Ellen wed.
"He spoke of happy ventures, rich returns,
"She talked of fortune, as if sands were gold,
"And seas the shining witness where they lay.
"But sands are fatal oft, and seas depose
"The stoutest captain from his throne of oak
"Which lacks a root to poise the watry storm.
"They weep, they part - the Mother and her Son,
"The lover and his mistress; he to face
"The headlong wave, they to commune with woe,
"And think of him together, yet alone.
"Time passed, winds blew, seas rolled, but not again
"Came Henry with the spring to smile on home.
"Destruction dug his grave between two seas
"That sloped against the sky, and vagrant winds
"Came howling to his noisy funeral.
"Through the vast deep, far from his native land
"Far from his Mothers cot, his Ellens care,
"He plunged in uproars arms, as the red bolt
"Strikes through the surface at the centres core

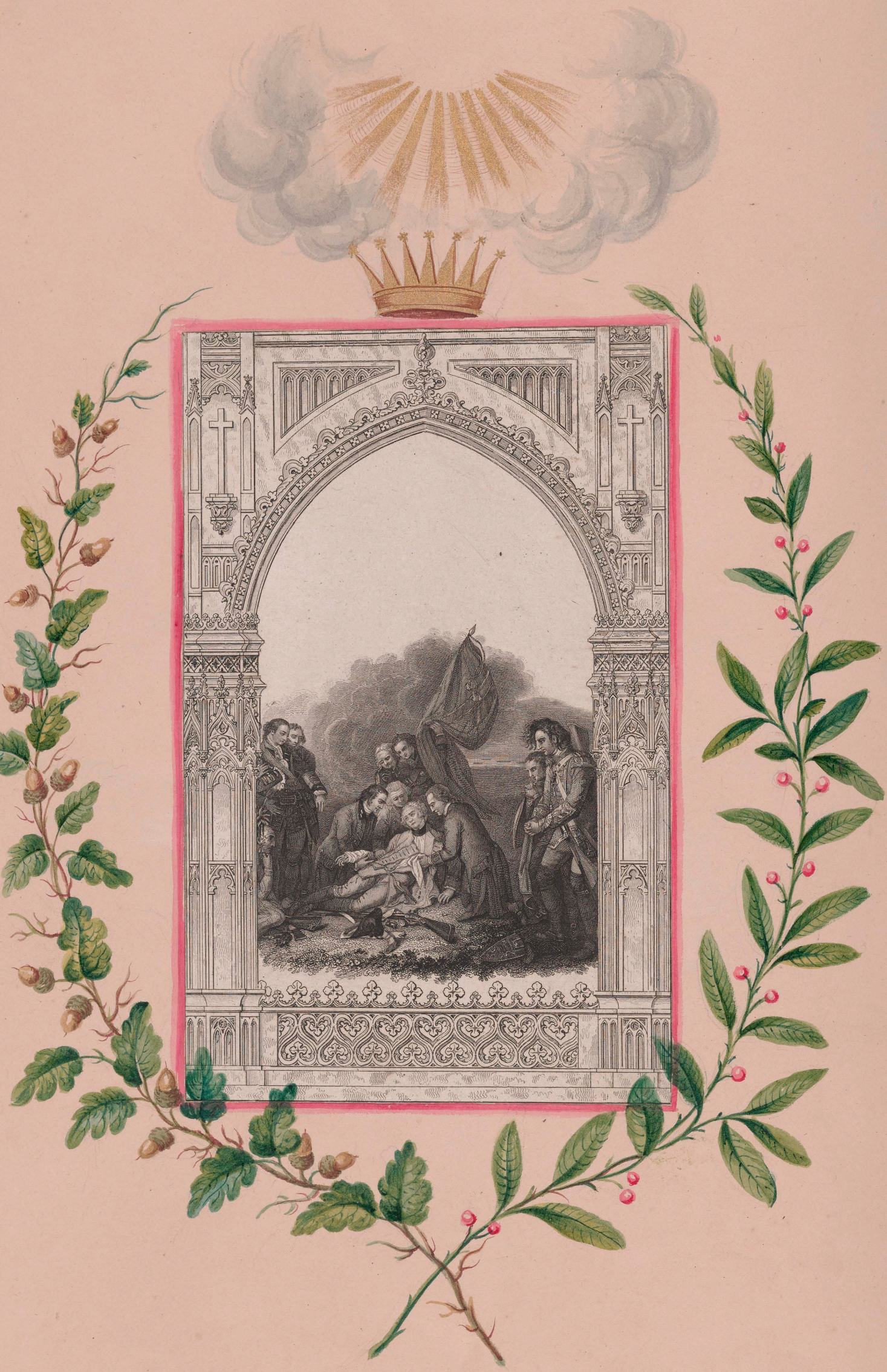
core



"And buries force in thunder - soon, too soon,
"The news arrived in England of that storm.
"His aged Mother sunk beneath the blow,
"The heavy blow that fell on Ellen's brain!
"A rafter from the ruins of her hopes.
"Yet all shall soon be well with Ellen too!
"Once from new friends the lovely maniac stole
"A weaning and she sought the sea-beat shore.
"The sun was sinking as her lover sunk;
"She fancied it her lover; followed with
"Her eyes, her tears, her prayers, the downcast orb
"Till o'er its head, the waters rushed with night
"And quenched the struggling beam. Then shrieks were heard,
"Who heard them hastened to the sufferer's aid; -
"They found her on the beach, but ere they came
"The sun had set - and Ellen was no more."











Love's Motto

Is it that natural impulse of the heart,
Its consciousness of immortality,
Which makes it happiness to be remember'd.
Memory —— the Hero buys it with his blood,
The patriot, with proud sacrifice of self,
The Poet, with sweet music from his lute,
—— Of which his feelings are the subtle chords;
Nay, even the vain Rich build palaces
To make their name immortal, but of these
Is there one whose delight in memory
Can be like the young Lovers ?—, 'tis as life,
As hope, to know his image is secure,
Recall'd by all sweet thoughts in one fond heart.
The picture scroll that lies before me now,
Has wakened thoughts of this; upon the grass,
Fresh as his new sprung feelings, kneels a youth
While through the green boughs of the shadowing beech
The sun shine falls like rain drops, and behind
On a bright cloud, whose purple hue has caught
Its lustre from his wings, the boy god floats —
He whose sway is of smiles, and sighs, and tears,
And yet whose rule is iron. he has lent
A golden arrow from his quiver's store,
And the youth's eager hand has on the bark
Carved these so gentle words, "Forget me not" ——
Murmuring the while one of those tender songs
Which have their echo in each Lover's heart.

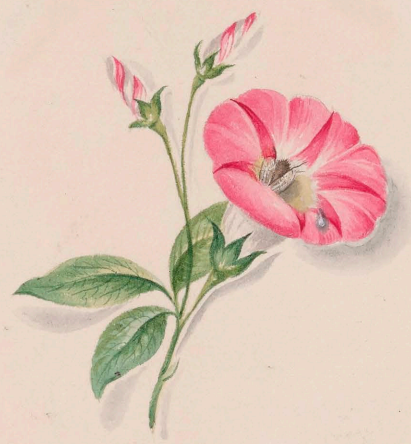
Wave — that wanderest singing by,
Bearing leaves and flowers with thee;
To the lady of my heart
Waft a benison from me.

Wind —— that rovest round the grove
Kissing every flower nigh;
I'll send thee on a sweeter search
Bear my own sweet love my sigh.

Bark — that show'st my graven words
Thine be yet a happier lot;
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
Bidding her, "Forget me not." —



"The star that shines so pure and bright
"Like a far off place of bliss,
"And tells the broken hearted
"There are brighter worlds than this.
"The moon that courses through the sky,
"Like man's uncertain doom,
"Now shining bright with borrow'd light,
"Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom;
"Or when eclipsed, a dreary blank,
"A fearful emblem given,
"Of a heart shut out by a sinful world,
"From the blessed light of heaven:
"The flower that freely casts it's wealth,
"Of perfume on the gale;
"The breeze that mourns the summer's close,
"With melancholy wail;
"The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
"Or gurgles from that grot,
"All speak in their Creator's name —
"And say, — Forget me not!" — * *



I love thee not, thou beauteous flow'r!
So smiling in the sunshine hour;
Yet waits but till the coming gloom,
And then withdrawest smile and bloom.

'Tis so with man.— Where Fortune smiles,
He strives to please with winning wiles;
Yet waits till the light of joy's withdrawn,
And through care's nights we weep alone.

The Defence.

Oh lady! tho I seem to smile,
And bask in summer sunshine while,
Yet leaves expand my blossoms show,
That I, though absent, shared your woe.

So 'tis with man.— Where seasons lend,
The secret pangs he owns his friend;
But having wept Grief's fountain dry,
His heart, like mine, must close, or die!






Epitaph on Laurence Sterne
Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to please?
Or the proud labours of the marble mason,
Where gorgeous wits and honours sleep with Stone Lawn,
Sterne!
To a Lady in a Thunder Storm.
Well may'st thou dread in this sad hour,
The lightning's vivid flash to see!
When lovely, young, attractive power
You add, fair maid, a heart of steel!
By Dr Young
As smooth oil the rougher best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when acquisitely keen!
The Worm.
Thou worm of a book, what art thou about?
Of the greed Quarto? printed on parchment, bound
Thus all thy study is all of this end.
On Hope
Hope's a born cherub, still appears,
However misfortunes seem to lour:
Her smile the threatning tempest clears,
And is the rain-bow of the shower.
The Prayer of a wise Heathen
Great Jove, this one petition grant:
Thou knowest best what mortals want;
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good, supply:
What's evil, to our prayers deny.
Boris esse laboro.
Boris esse nomen tibi, Virgili, dixerunt:
Boris esse libet, Virgili, dixerunt.
Quo fugis? Ecce, tuae sequuntur umbra cupressus
Iam fugit et tecta nigra sub aede latet.
Epitaph
Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lloyd
Who died for the want of a pot of Lloyd's Ointment
On an indifferent copy of verses addressed by a lady to Wm Gibbon the Historian comparing him to Tacitus.
Cease madam cease to praise me thus
In your poetic lay!
Yet you shall call me Tacitus
If you'll be Sacha.
On the death of an Infant.
The cup of life just to her lips she press'd,
Found the taste bitter and its use detest'd;
Then gently turning from the light of day
She softly sighed her little soul away.
Truth
Truth is but found
When we have learnt
To look within
And not without
Stop not upon the wings of fancy borne
Amongst your friends, or on the heathen ground,
Or in a star, or on the feather'd race,
Or in the flower's eternity where we grow;

FROM THE

Irish Melodies

Come, rest in my bosom, my own stricken Deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and pain?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

ERIN GO BRAGH



MELODY

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No life, is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns!
But send round the bowl and be happy awhile
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined,
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendships securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But round the bowl while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

















The Bride of Abydos

"Who hath not proved how feebly words convey
"The spark from Beauty's heavenly ray?
"Who doth not feel — until his faltering sight
"Faints into dimness with its own delight —
"His changing cheek — his sinking heart confess
"The might — the majesty of Loveliness?
"Such was Zuleika — such around her shone
"The nameless charms unmarked by her alone —
"The light of love — the purity of grace
"The mind — the Music breathing from her face
"The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —
"And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Ay! let me hike the ocean — Patriarch roam —
"O only know on land the Sultan's home
"My tent on shore — my galley on the sea —
"Are more than cities and Serais to me:
"Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
"Across the desert, or before the gale,
"Bound were thou will, my barb! or glide my prow,
"But be the star that guides the wanderer — Thou!
"Thou my Zuleika, share and bless my bark —
"The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
"For since that hope denied in worlds of strife
"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
"And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray."

* * * * * * * * *

"Not blind to fate — I see where'er I rove
"Unnumber'd perils — but one only love!
"Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay:
"Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray:
"How dear the dream, in darkest hours of ill
"Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
"Be but thy soul, like Selim's firmly shown —
"To thee, be Selim's tenderer as thine own!
"To soothe each sorrow — share in each delight —
"Blend every thought — do all but dissimulate!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
"That fearful moment when he left the cave
"Thy heart grew chill.
"He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love — thine all —
"And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
"To succeed to kill —
"Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was still."

* * * * * * * * *

On a Cornelian Heart
which was broken

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain
Have years of care for thee and thine
Alike been all employed in vain

Yet precious seems each shattered part
And every fragment dearer grown
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of his own

Byron

OH BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls



The Sailor

He was their last and their only child;
But one remaining of many;
And is not the blossom the last on the bough
The most beloved of any?
They brought him up 'mid the mountain and flood,
Till the spirit of sickness was banish'd,
And the roses of health bought'st on the cheek,
Where hectic bloom had vanish'd.
And chiefly it was the boy's delight
To make Ships of slips of the willow;
And then he would call the lake a sea,
And the rippling, wave a billow:
And he loved, on the long and winter's night,
To read each gallant Story,
How the brave had nail'd the blood-red flag,
And died for their country's glory;
And how some had Sail'd to strange climes,
With but sea and Sky before them;
Till the God, whose marvels they'd seen, saw fit
To their native land to restore them.
His mother wept, but his heart was fix'd
On a sailor's life of danger; —
He envied the wind, for it could be
O'er the wild sea-waves a ranger!
She blest him beside his father's grave,
And the setting sun Shone o'er him,
His lighted brow seemed an augury
Of the life that lay before him.
Oh, hope is cozening — she found it so,
And her mother's grief concealing;
While he was still by her side, she felt
The glow of her sailor's feeling.
But when he went, and she saw him leave,
And gaze on the home he was leaving,
What bitter tears wash'd away the web
The fairy hope had been weaving.
That night she sat down to her lonely meal
And wept; there were nine, to chide her;
That night it was a servant's hand
Laid the book of prayer beside her.
The boy was glad — but one fond thought
Of the mother, who smooth'd his pillow,

Fill'd his eye with tears, when, for the first time
His slumber was waked by the billow.
But he slept 'mid dreams of the bloodred flag,
The ball and the grape-shots rattle,
The cutlass sweeping the boarded deck,
And the storm of an ocean battle.
But his ship was bound for a sultry clime,
Where an Indian sun was beaming;
And from every wind that swept the sail,
Was the breath of fever streaming;
And men who had stood, unscath'd, when the balls
Like dust on the gale were flying,
And those whom the tempest of night had spared,
Were now like spring leaves dying.
He, too, was fading; that sailor youth;
The rose of his cheek had departed,
And his thought had turn'd to his own dear home;
And the mother he left broken-hearted.
It was one evening: — the signal gun
O'er the echoing wind was ringing,
And the wakening waves broke round the ship
As if they a dirge were singing.
He heard the sound, his step grew faint,
And his pale brow waxed yet paler;
Next day the sea o'er the hammock broke;
Where slept the youthful sailor.
'Tis the church-yard here where his father rests,
Here his mother's grave is making;
And his is where the wild wind sweeps,
And the ocean waves are breaking.

Sonnet,

Lonely my way when last along this road
Heart-sick and sad I journey'd; as I went,
Brooding o'er many a dream of discontent,
O'er many a cherish'd sorrow; nor bestow'd
Nature's gay scenes one charm to cheer my way:
For on the sunny scene, with sickly eye,
Sullen I gazed, and pass'd unheeding by!
Sweet are the sorrows of that distant day
To painless memory! O'er the selfsame plain
I journey blithe of heart; nor heed the wind
Sad moaning, nor the dark descending rain:
For Hope with loveliest visions fills my mind,
Of every blameless joy by Virtue given,
Of Peace and Love — oh, realize them, Heaven!





Love is like the shadow seen,
When the sun first lights the skies;
Stretching them o'er all the green,
But diminishing as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow thrown,
When the day its noon has past;
Increasing as life's sun goes down,
Even till it has looked its last.

Love and Friendship.

Hurbingtons Castara,

Propertius marches not upon, Should ever obtain
All the bright gems, for which Misanthropy main
The towrid plane shines, on in one boundless chest
Confusion all the treasures of the west,
Love still should want:" mutual love even light
Rich with a kittle, unbidden chance not bright
Les to equestrian servants. or, though all opulent:"
Ever rewarded her exchange in continent:"
Shut can create an Europe

Oh! tis ablefsed thing to know,
Tho' but beloved by few;
That there is one in weal or woe,
Who will remember you,

There is a soul which would not shrink,
Which all you bane would bear;
Of the same cup you drank would drink,
Nor ask what draught was there.

When smile away that foolish tear,
She would may wreak its will,
Altho all else be dark and drear,
One light is left thee still!

To a Gentleman overpowered in tears caused by thinking himself an object of indifference to the whole world,





THE SPIDER SWINGING IN THE WIND

By John Bowring Esq.re

I saw a spider swinging in the air,
And said "ambitious reptile! thou resemblest
Our worldly proud ones! and althe' thou tremblest
At every little gust canst not forbear
To mount aspiringly – for what? to fall –
Humbled as other soarers fall." But lo
I looked and saw a film minute and small
Which the adventurer had suspended to
That his retreat was sure; and then I said
"Thou art not like the soarers of the world;
For thou if from thy seat of glory hurld
Hast made thyself secure by this light thread,
Which from thy height will land thee safe again.
*O thou art wiser far than prouder men!"–

THE CLOUDS

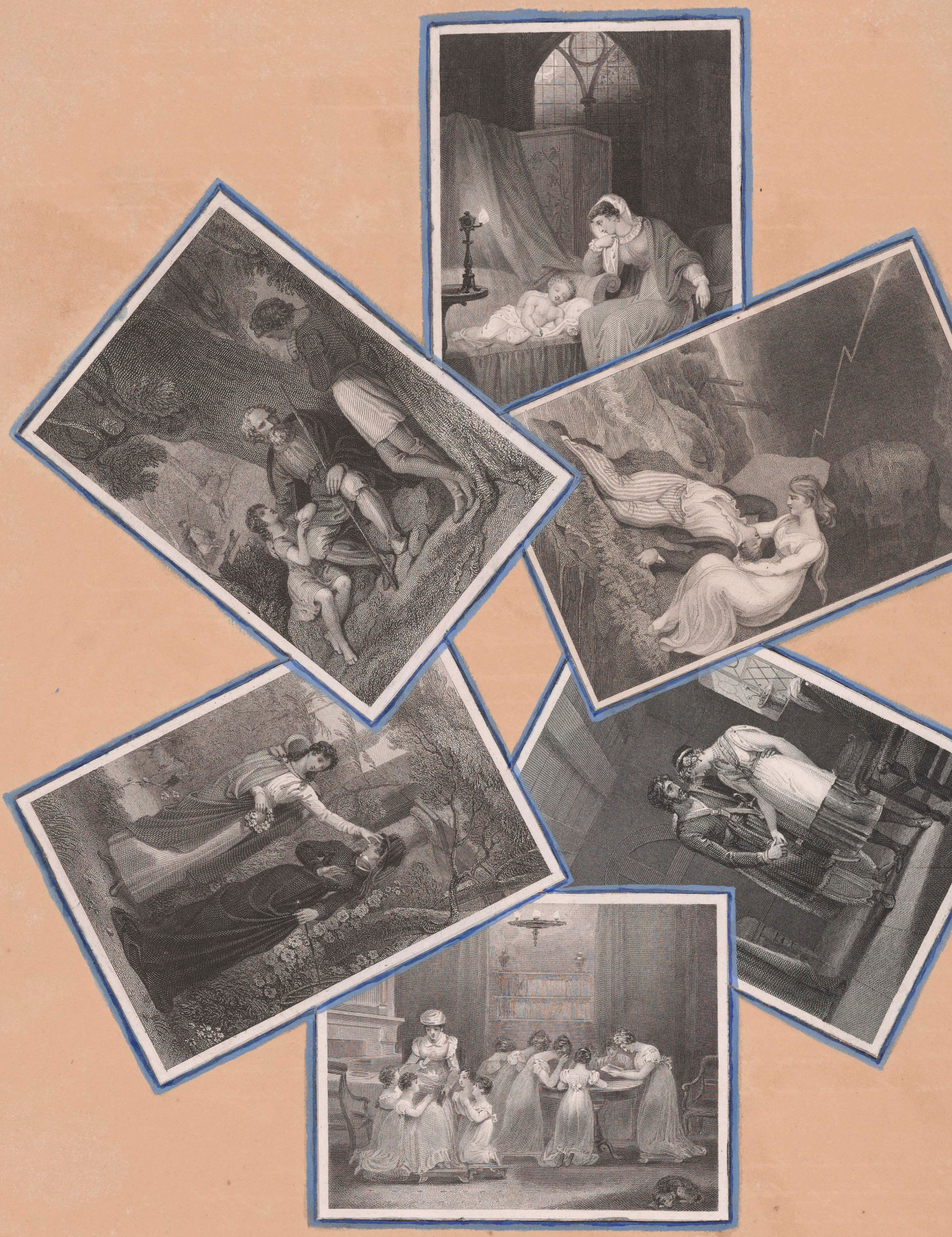
A Sonnet written by moonlight

Whither wend ye so fast ye ships of Heaven,
As on a jasper sea ye smoothly glide?
O would it were to human spirits given
Sublime upon your amber prows to ride,
And catch the silver showers that silent fall
Fringing your sails of gossamer; and mark
Calmly with eye serene this varied vale;
Its glowing spots, its mountain shadows dark;
To hover round Mont Blanc, and thence ascend
Bearing fresh incense to the King of day,
Be fed with beauty from his morning ray,
Or on his evening couch of gold attend.
Vain is the wish-it is not ours to soar
On moonlight clouds, and thence this beauteous world explore!

A tale of scandal is believed,
And none suspect that they're deceived;
While if a noble act you do,
Folks wonder if the tale be true!

Other wrongs may cut
Wild deeply, too— Slander assassinates,
With poison mixed with sound — 'tis murder,
Aimed at virtues being, — 'tis a thievish lie
That steals from worth and gives to envy, — 'tis
A foul abuse of breath, and lungs, and thought,
And ears, and heart, and every organ used
To strike or to imbibe the cursed stain;
It heaps on innocence the shame of guilt,
It gives to guilt the laugh at innocence;
It stops the music of the morae sphere;
It wakes a worse rebellion against Heaven
Than Babel; for it must be worse in His
Pure eyes, — who darts through all degrees of crime,
(Like lightning through the thin folds of the air) —
To pull down virtue, than to build up pride.

Slander



"What know we of the glorious sights which Hope's rosy dreams?
"Or could we guess therein what more await to be a poet's theme.* *
"The cheek upon the pillow pressed wears joy's delightful tinge,
"The eyes are closed, yet joy's bright tear steals thro' the eyelids fringe."

"Thou happy sleeper! might I tell where now thy spirit roams,
"The lot it shares - how poor would seem the joys of proudest domes!
"Fame wealth and grandeur never yet a pleasure could impart
"So peerless, and so pure, as those which now possess thy heart."

"For thou art in the land of thought, and far hast left behind
"The fading happiness of earth for raptures more refined.
"Thine seems a foretaste of the bower appointed for the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"The air was fresh and mild, and it seemed to play around
"the temples and amongst the few and thinly scattered
"white hairs of the time-bowed patriarch with reviving influence; his tottering steps were supported by a staff in his
"right hand, and by a fair blooming boy, on whose shoulder
"his left hand rested. Many a wistful look did he cast around
"in sad and mournful silence. It was evident that some long
"cherished painful feeling laboured in his breast."

"See" cried she (drawing a wreath from her bosom) "these are the flowers
"he used to love; I plucked them from my own bower, that
"which Alfred decorated. But I cannot give it to you, no, no; I
"must keep it for Alfred. they told me was married, but I would
"not believe it. I wandered through wind and through rain, through
"brake and through briar, till I reached his home; there they told me
"too that he was married. still I would not believe it. I followed him
"here for is he not mine? what right then have you here?"

"Hush! 'tis a holy hour — the quiet room
"Seems like a temple, while the soft lamp sheds
"A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
"And the sweet stillness down on bright young heads
"With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
"And bow'd - as flowers are bow'd by night in prayer."

"Gaze on, the lovely - childhood's lip and cheek
"Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought.
"Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
"And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
"- Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
"What death must fashion for Eternity." —



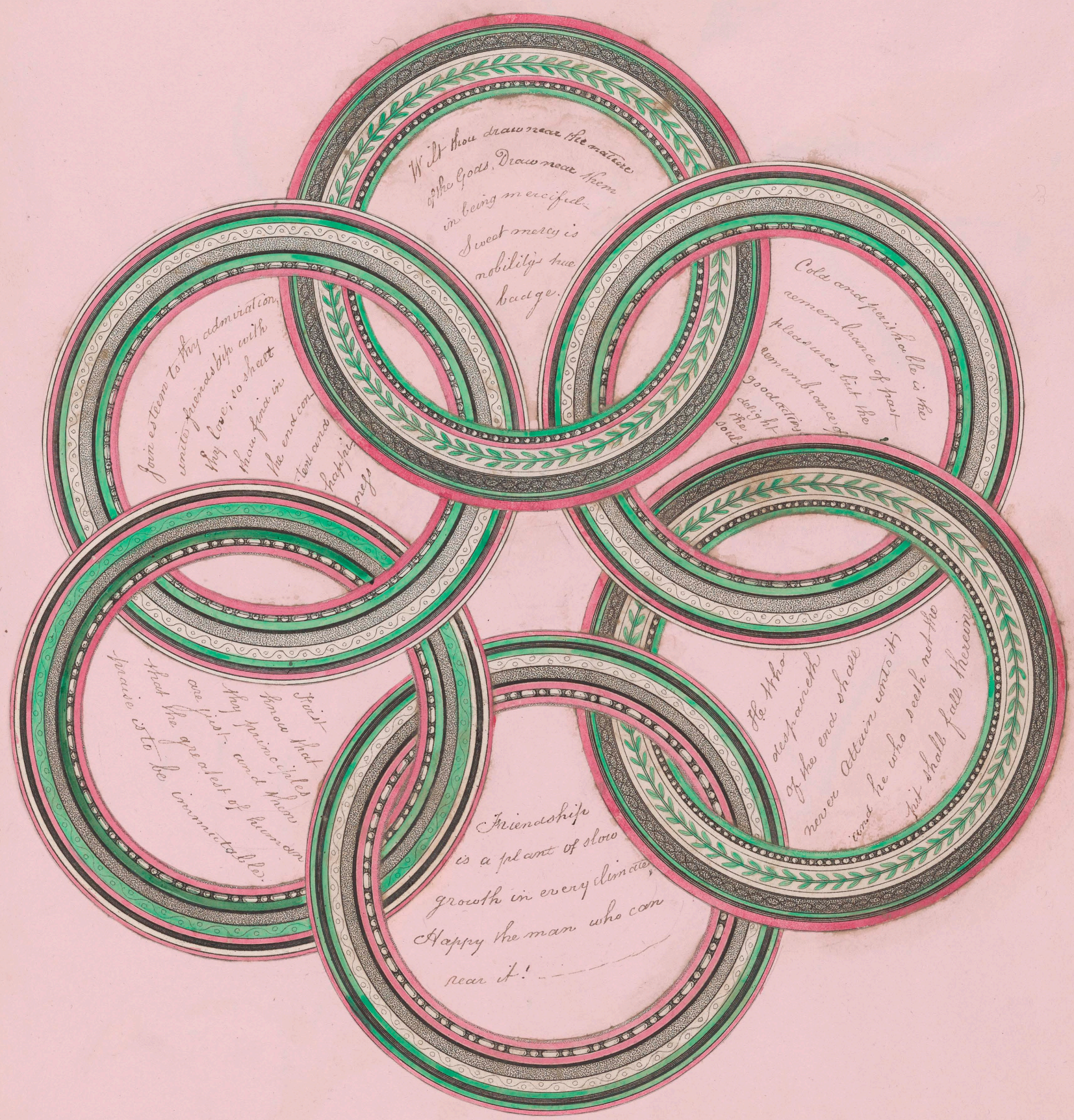
To a Lady who was gathering a
Convolvulous for an Evening party.-

Touch not that flower 'tis sacred to repose,
But gather blossoms of the blushing rose;
It well may suit thee in thy witching pow'r,
When thou and beauty gild the passing hour.

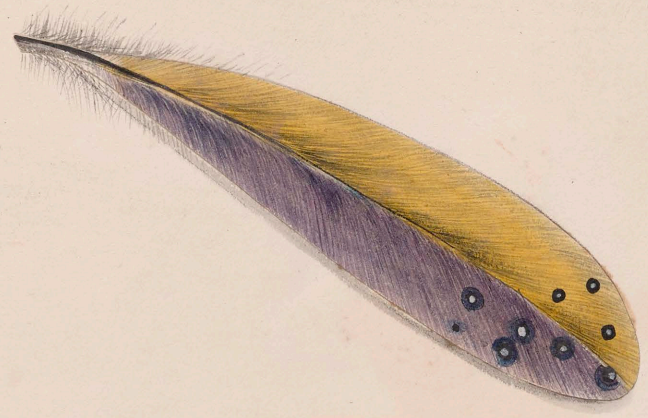
Oh break not from the tall and tender stem,
With rich etherial tint, that lovely gem;
But rather cull the modest jessamine,
Around thy marble forehead to entwine.

And when the morning o'er you garden glows,
Awake thee from thy stillness of repose;
Then steal a glance at yonder fragile stem,
That bears the fairest bloom in Flora's diadem.




Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods, Draw near them in being merciful. Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Join esteem to thy admiration, unite friendship with thy Love, to shew that find in the end constant and hast his ness
Cold and perishable is the remembrance of past pleasures, but the remembrance of good actions delights the soul.
Ha who despaireth of the end shall never Attain unto it; and he who seeks not the fair shall fall therein.
Friendship is a plant of slow growth in every climate, Happy the man who can rear it!
Exist know that thy principles and thou are the greatest of treasures to be communicable.





"The clouds are fearful that o'erhang thy ways,
"Oh, thou mysterious Heaven! — It cannot be
"That I have drawn the vials of thy wrath
"To burst upon me through the lifting up
"Of a proud heart, elate in happiness!
"No! in my days of pride were for me life's flowers
"But wreathed a cup of trembling; and the love,
"The boundless love, my spirit was formed to bear,
"Hath ever, in its place of silence, been
"A trouble and a shadow, hanging thought
"Of the lone too deep for joy!"

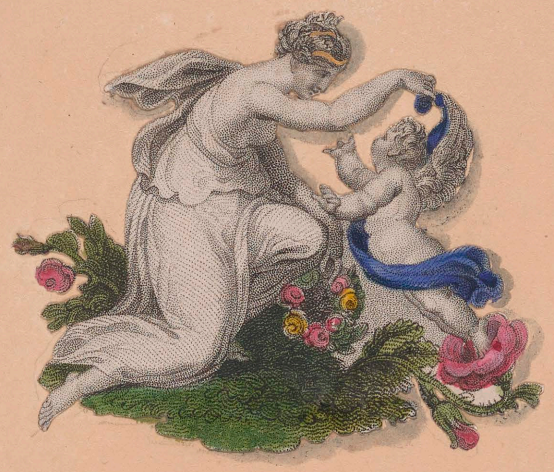
"To me the voice — alas! — To me, the voice
"Of summer, whispering thro' young flowers & leaves,
"Now speaks too deep a language! and of all
"Its dreamy and mysterious melodies,
"The breathing soul is sadness! — I have felt
"That summons thro' my spirit, after which
"The tones of earth are changed, and all her sounds
"Seem fraught with sacred warnings."



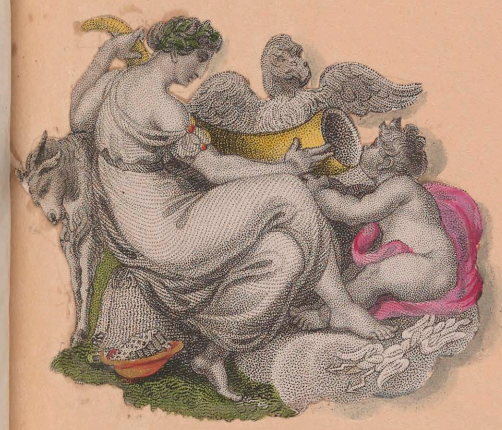
— Oh, how I shrink
From the foreboding murmurs of my heart!
Which tell me, that amidst the joyous sights
Of their bright smiles, they must go down to earth.

* * "I never look'd
"On such fair children, in their buoyant mirth,
"Or sunny sleep, when all the gentle air
"Seem'd glowing with their gushes of happiness,
"But o'er my soul there came a shuddering sense
"Of earth, and its dark changes; even like that
"Which vaguely mingles with our glorious dreams,
"A restless and disturbing consciousness
"That all bright things must fade!" — * * *

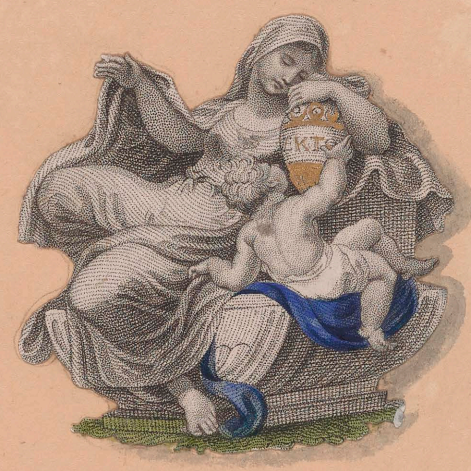




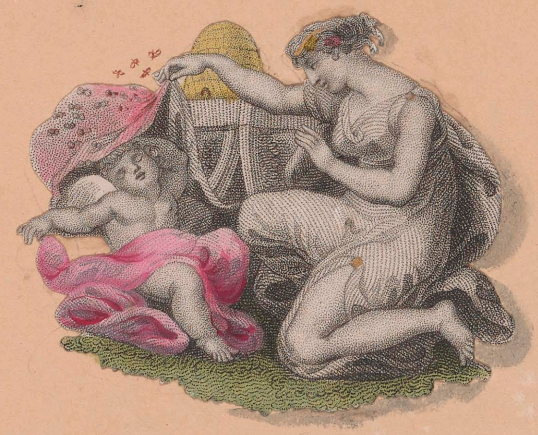














Human — Life.

Hear by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy:
He walks, he speaks, in many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies.
When lazy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Lock'd in her arms, his arms around her flung,
That name most dear for ever on his tongue,
As with soft accents round her ~~her~~ neck he clings
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings.
How blest to feel the beating of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart,
Watch over his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And if she can — exhaust a mother's love!



"Just then a child in sportive glee,
"Came gladsome by the graves,
"Like a lone bird, that on the sea
"Floats, dallying with the waves;
"Upon the lovely flow'rs it fell;
"She pour'd the beauty of her smile,
"Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
"And breath'd her soul to God!"

"Her bridal garments white as snow,
"There came a solitary maid;
"She meekly brought a sunny glow
"Into that solemn shade.
"A church-yard seems a joyful place
"In the midst of so sweet a face—
"A soul is in that deep blue eye,
"Too good to live—too bright to die!"

"But death behind a marble tomb,
"Looks out upon his prey;
"And smiles to know, that heavenly bloom
"Is yet of earthly clay; * * * * *
"The young, the good, the gentle—she matures—
"All smile, and all pass by;
"Oh! nothing lovely can endure
"Beneath the envious sky!"

A Lay of Death

"He laid him by the forest tree,
"And he sang, so wearily."

Ben Johnson.

'Here I come, Love to shew
Flowers on thy bed;
Roses all dripping dew,
Thus will we wed.

Oh; day of woe.'

'I had a dream last night,
Thou wert my bride:
Yet was thy lip all white,
By thy love's side.

Oh; day of woe.'

'Then thou wert in thy shroud
Floating, afar;
As in the evening cloud
Wakes a young star.

Oh; day of woe.'

'Morning away, away;
Come gentle dream again;
Till in my grave they lay,
This burning brain.

Oh; day of woe.'

'I saw thy dying brow,
Saw thy wan cheek;
Thou art with angels now.
Heart, why not break.

Oh; day of woe.'

'Whose is the voice I hear?
"Come my true love";
Youths, now prepare my bier.
We meet above.

Oh! day of joy.'



To the Moss Rose.

The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay;
That Spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe the young Buds in dews from Heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose:-
"Oh! fondest object of my care,
"Still fairest found, where all is fair,
"For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
"Ask what thou wilt- 'tis given to thee."-
Then said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow"-
The Spirit paused in silent Thought-
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment- o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws:
And robed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?



A Reflection at Sea.

See how beneath the moonbeams smile,
The little billows heave its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man the sport of blis and care,
Rises on times eventful sea,
And having dwelld a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity.

A Raven during a Sketching walk.

A raven once an acorn took
From Banvard's hallest, shadiest tree,
He hid it near a limpid brook,
And lived another oak to see.—

Thus melancholy buries Hope,
Which, fair still keeps alive,
And bids us with misfortune cope,
And all calamity survive.—

A Night Thought.

How oft a cloud with envious veil,
Obscures you bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

Tis thus the worlds obtrusive wrongs,
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

The joys of Home.

Home is a word of magic power
To all of human birth,
It tells of many a happy hour
Around the peaceful hearth.

Home is a word of magic power,
To all of human birth,
It tells there is one sheltring bower
From all the storms of earth!

Extracts from Lalla Rookh.

"And see — where, high above those rocks
"That dip the deep their shadows fling,
"Your turret stands; where ebon locks,
"As glossy as a heron's wing
"Upon the turban of a King,
"Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
"'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
"All truth and tenderness and grace,
"Though born of such ungentle race;—
"An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
"Springing in a desolate mountain!" * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"He built her bowers of freshness there,
"And knew it decked with costliest skill,
"And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
"Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
"Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
"Love, all-defying Love, who sees
"No charm in trophies won with ease,—
"Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
"Are plucked on Danger's precipice!
"Bolder than they, who dare not strive
"For pearls, but when the seas are still,
"Love, in the tempest most alive,
"Hath ever held that pearl the best
"He finds beneath the stormiest waves"!,

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * Yes — Araby's unrivalled daughter,
"Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
"There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
"Would climb th' untrodden solitude
"Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
"And think its steeps the dark and dread,
"Heaven's path-ways, if to thee they led!
"Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,
"That lights his oar's impatient way,—
"And stretchest down thy arms of snow
"As if to lift him from below!" * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * She loves — but knows not whom she loves,
"Nor what his race, nor whence he came; —
"Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
"Some beauteous bird, without a name,
"Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
"From isles in the undiscovered seas,
"To shew his plumage for a day
"To wondering eyes, then wing away"! * * *

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"How sweetly", said the trembling maid,
"Of her own gentle voice afraid,
"So long head they in silence stood,
"Looking upon that tranquil flood —
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
"To night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bowers,
"Were wafted off to seas unknown,
"Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
"And we should live, and love, and die alone!
"Far from the cruel and the cold, —
"Where the bright eyes of Angels only
"Should come around us, to behold
"A paradise so pure and holy!
"Would this be world enough for thee? —
"Playful she turn'd, that he might see
"The half-form'd smile her cheek put on;
"But when she mark'd how mournfully
"His eyes met hers, that smile was gone."

* * * * * * * * * *

"* * * Yes, yes, she cried, my lovely dream,
"My dreams have lied all too right —
"Be past — for ever past — to night!
"I knew, I knew it could not last —
"'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
"I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
"I never loved a tree or flower,
"But 'twas the first to fade away.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I never marked a dear gazelle,
"To grace me with its soft black eye,
"But when it came to know me well
"And love me, it was sure to die!
"Now too—the joy most like divine,
"Of all I ever dreamed or knew,
"To see thee, hear thee, call thine,—
"Oh misery! must I lose that too?
"Yet go—our perils both are one,—
"Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
"No, never come again—though sure
"Through heaven, it may be death to thee."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Or meet no more—why, why exist
"Single two souls that earth has riven
"Or had we never, never met—
"Or could this heart e'en now forget
"How link'd, how blest we might have been,
"Lost fate and future's dark decrees!
"Had'st thou been born a Persian maid,
"Hadst thou the same fields in childhood played,
"The neighbouring valleys hast thou trod,
"At the same kindling altars knelt,—
"Then, then, while all those mingled ties
"In which the charm of country lies,
"Had bound our hearts hour by hour,
"Till Heaven alone and thine were one."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Thy bigot sire—my deadly foe—
"He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
"With one, is sacred as the spot
"From which our piles of worship rose.
"But hers—Was he I sought that night,
"When, first my watch boat on the sea
"I caught their torch's glimmering light,
"And up the crude rocks desperately
"Rush'd to my prey—Alone I knew the nest,
"I climb'd the gray vulture's nest,
"And found a trembling dove within!"

* * * * * * * * * *



"With sudden start he turn'd
"And fix'd on her his sidelong wond'ring look,
"Where light'ning, like enamour'd meteors, play'd
"Bloody, as o'er some treasur'd grave;
"And fiery darts, at intervals,
"Flew up all sparkling from the main,
"As if each star shot mightily forth,
"Were shooting back to Heaven again."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"'My injured lights!' I cried aloud—
"'Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
"'Farewell—sacred life!' then clinging in air
"'Non-vengeance!'—Came Rhine again."
"Fiercely he broke away; nor stopp'd he,
"Nor look'd he—but from the incline steeps he
"Down into the frosted crag's beneath,
"As if he fled from love to death."

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"Yes — Ella, cheerful Ella! yes —
"If there be wrong, be crime in this,
"Let the black waves that round us roll,
"Below our thin instrument, ere my soul,
"Forgetting faith, — home, — father, — all —
"Before its earthly idol fall,
"Not worship you Thyself above him. —
"For oh! so wildly do I love him,
"Thy Paradise itself were dim
"And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"
— "Her hands were clasp'd — her eyes uptum'd,
"Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
"And though her lip, fond sinner! burn'd
"With words of passion, bold, profane,
"Yet was there light around her brow,
"A holiness in those dark eyes,
"Which show'd — tho' wandering earthward now, —
"Her spirit's home was in the skies.
"Yes — for a spirit pure as hers,
"So always pure, e'en while it errs;
"So sunshine, broken in the rill,
"Tho' turn'd astray, is sunshine still!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
"The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
"When winding sheets have dried away,
"And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
"Melt off, and leave the land and sea
"Sleeping in bright tranquillity, —
"Fresh as if Day again were born,
"Upon the bosom laughing Morn!
"When the light blossoms rudely torn
"And scatter'd o'er the wide wilderness still,
"Hang floating on the pure air still,
"Filling it all with precious balm,
"In gratitude for their sweet calm; —
"And every drop the thunder showers
"Have left upon the grass and flowers
"Sparkles, as there the lightning — gone
"Whose liquid flame is born of them!
"When, steal of one unchanging breeze,
"There blow a thousand gentle airs,
"And each a different perfume bears, —
"As if the lovelier plants and trees
"Had vapour borne of their own
"To watch and wait on them alone,
"And waft no other breath but theirs!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

"She loves — but knows not whom she loves,
"Nor what her race, nor whence he came; —
"Like one who meets in Southern groves,
"Some beauteous bird without a name,
"Brought by the trade's unfamiliar breeze,
"Treads idly on the unknown fruit or flower,
"To whom its plumage for a day
"Is wandering eyes, and wing away!" * * *
"Even such the love that should have blessed
"So young, so innocent a breast;
"Not like pure, open, foreground Love,
"That pledged on earth, and seal'd above,
"Grows in the world's approving eyes,
"On friendship's smile, and home's caress,
"Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
"Into one knot of happiness!
"No, Hinda, no — thy fatal flame
"Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame. —
"A passion without hope or pleasure;
"In thy lone soul darkness buried deep,
"It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure, —
"Some idol without shrine or name,
"Or which its pale-eyed votaries keep
"Unholy watch, while others sleep." —

* * * * * * * * * *

"'Save him, my God!' she daily cries
"Save him this night — and if thine eyes
"Have ever welcomed with delight
"The sinner's tears, the martyr's rite
"Of sinner's hearts — guard him this night,
"Who here before thy throne, I swear
"Have mourned my heart's dearest core to hear
"Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
"Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
"And give it bleeding all to Thee!'
* * * * * * * * * * * Now shall her name
"Or bless my life, but when I pray
"For him clear spirit, shut away
"Casting from its angelic ray
"Th' eclipse of earth, be too away shine
"Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!'
"Think — think what victory to win
"One radiant soul like his from sin; —
"One wandering star of virtue back
"To its own native, heaven-ward track!'
"Let him but live, and both are Thine,
"Together Thine — for, bleak or fair,
"Living or dead, his doom is mine,
"Wreck if he, perish — both are lost!'"

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Hafed — let one look rise with thee!
"Think I arise blest thy loved name
"Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
"Oh! let our cheeks, our lips be laid
"But near each other while they fade;
"Let our last sigh mix our parting breathe,
"And I can die less heavenward than thee!" * *
* * * One only thought, one lingering beam
"Now broke across his dizzy dream
"Of pain and darkness — 'twas the
"Air heard's pure fulness shining yet
"Above the cradle of his infancy,
"Where all life's other lights were set.
"Back memory to his mind before
"The image took unchanged as ever.
"It seem'd as if each thought that drain'd,
"Each fear that chill'd his love's warm flood,
"Back past a cloud of earth remain'd
"Between him and her glory cast; —
"As if to shame, before so bright,
"New grace from other worlds was given,
"And his soul saw her by the light
"Now breaking o'er it through heaven!"

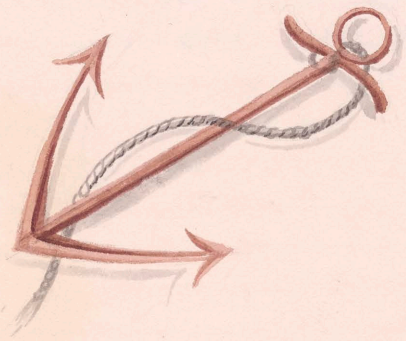
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"Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
"Of fancy's most terrific touch
"To paint thy fancy in that hour —
"Thy silent agony — 'twas such
"As those who feel could paint but ill,
"But worse are felt and live to tell.
"Twas not alone the dreary state
"Of the lone spirit, wrecked by fate,
"When, though no more remains to dread,
"The fancy still will not despair; —
"When, though the future hope is dead,
"Yet ghosts fill haunts the unoccupying heart.
"No — pleasure, hope, affections gone,
"The wretch many bear, and yet live on,
"Like things, within the cold rock found
"Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
"But there's a blank before its flight,
"A cold stupefaction, that saves sight
"To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
"Now felt through all thy frame and brain —
"That spasm of horror, mute, intense,
"That breathless, agonized suspense,
"Fearing whose hot hand, above already aching,
"The heart hath no relief, but breaking)"!!! —

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Hope

When hope's bright form has ta'en his heavinward flight,
Ah! where shall the immortal spirit find
Its wonted rest, or where the busy mind
Look for its one support? a rayless night
Alone would then pervade the anxious sight,
Casting a lingering look of fear behind,
But seeing nothing, onward might we wind
Lost to each sense of pure religious light.
This world would then a wilderness appear,
Where man benighted vainly looks for rest,
And still looks on, tho' it shall not be near,
And God denies this first, this great behest.
It cannot be — Hope is the Christians stay,
The brightest beam that lights us on our way.



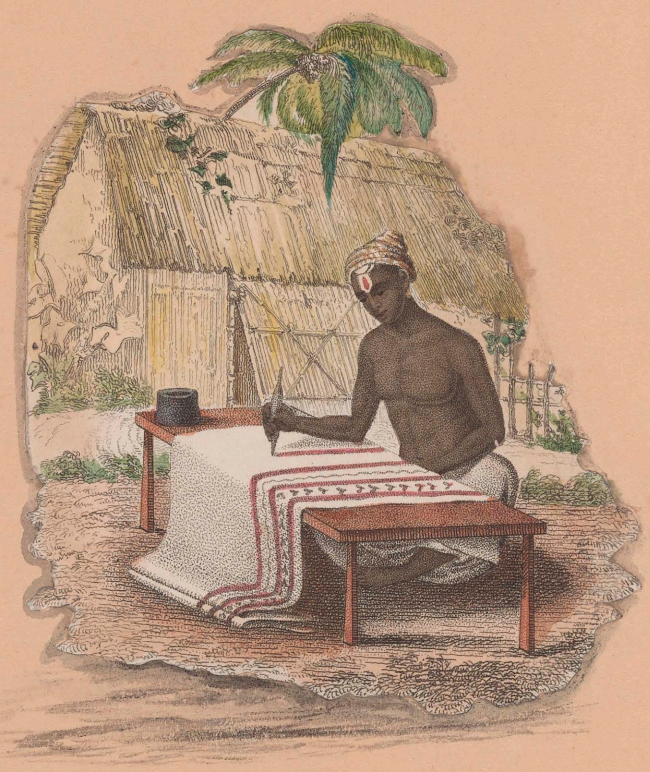
Virtue

Neat Shew me Virtue, lead me to those fews
The truely wise, that I among read their fate,
And learne if fortune favor the good mans care,
O happiest when they're happy; Virtue gilds
Their home with joy, exalts their taste of good,
And sweetens every gift that nature powrs
Into their cup with grudge of her store.
But happiness is not the badge, the test
Of merit, nor th'ingredient of his draught
Who most deserves; that wolf Misfortune, prowls
With hungry lips; his chance the first he meets,
And never monster fed on nobler fare.
Witness the thousands who have gone to death
For freedom and religion: witness those
Whose bounty drew a circle, like the moon
In halo round them, soon to disappear
Amid foul weather and ingratitude;
Witness the pang of constant love betrayed,
The care of mothers rendered back with scorn;
The hope of fathers answered by disgrace;
And the long list of woes that find true hearts,
Where justice would not find them,— suffering;
Witness the world; say where is virtue bred?
Tis not in courts or camps, the seats of fame,
Nor in the crowd where folly still is first;
Nor is it pinned to fashions changing sleeve,
Where every colour takes its turn to shine;
No! tis in humble and in troubled scenes,
The hopeful nursling thrives; adversity
Knows best to rear it: like the oak it grows
Against the storm; and as the dawn awoke
In darkness, and creation from the fogs
Of chaos burst in glory,— ofttimes clouds
Through clouds and tempest to the hills of light,
Than by the side of ease in softly strolls
O'er the wide campaign where the sun is free.















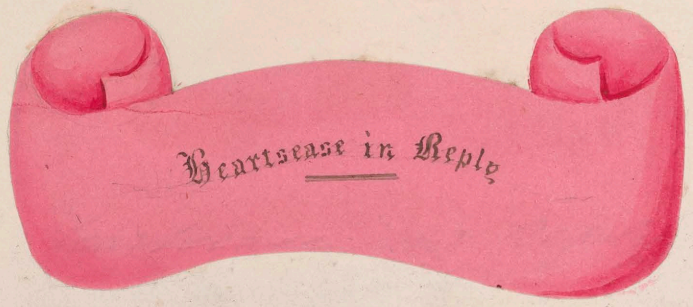


I wreath to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For thou violet seem'st in childhood's hours,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mock'st my grief,
By wanting thoughts of pleasure fled;
Give me, give me the withered leaf,
That falls on autumn's sorrow-clouded.

For that, recalls tales of what has been,
But wraps me what I soon shall be,
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,
But points onto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone,
Thy beauty dies with childhood's hour,
The loneliness from my path is gone.

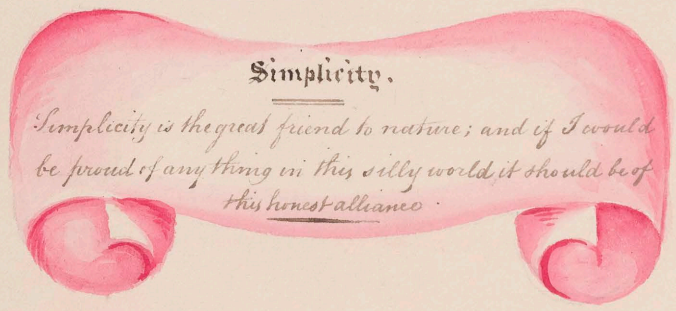


'Oh love me still, though childhood's years
Each on their fleeting wings yet a boy;
'Tis cheerfulness I represent,
More calm and permanent than joy.'

'In me you'll find a balm for grief,
Dire fears the wounds of sorrow heal;
Unlike to tenderness fruition's leaf,
My hues surmount chill Winter's blast.'

'And while I tell of what has been,
I point to that which yet may be;
And trace within the present scene,
The view of an eternity.'

'Oh love me still, and be not lone,
I'll cheer thee to my latest hour;
And though my beauty's youth be gone,
The Heartsease to thy faith restore.'





There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh,
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is theirs on every page—
On every tongue their epitaph;—
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail—to them belong.

Seas, gallant Nelson! Thine enshrine,
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And every Britain glowing, finds
A model in thy memory.

And there are breasts that beat with me,
In woe that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where thine so dear, so dauntless fell.

Tears for them—though not for thee—
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who never gave cause to mourn before.

To a beloved Sister.

To watch beside the bed of death,
To gild with smiles the couch of sorrow;
To watch the heaving trembling breath,
That may not want thy care tomorrow.

Dear Bertha, whom with quick appraise'd,
Your friendship soothe'd my heart responding;
On thy kind breast when sunk to rest,
You've soothed me like the dawn of morning.

Had I the power your fate to fix,
Your hours should fly on Joy's bright pinions;
Your fondest wish - domestic bliss -
And never know sad grief's dominion.

And when your valued life shall close,
Be every aid and comfort given;
And peaceful sink in sweet repose,
Your soul should wake its flight to Heaven.

THE SUICIDE

She wander'd on the lonely shore,
And listen'd to the ocean's roar,
That hour when night and morning meet,
She trod the beach with hurried feet.
Cold blew the wind – she felt it not;
All sense of feeling seem'd forgot.
A breathing form both young and fair,
Her eye had fire, her heart despair;
How oft has Ida watch'd at night,
To hail her lover's beacon light:
But whilst there's water in that main,
She ne'er will see that light again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He fell not in the battle's strife.
Then Osmond bore a charmed life;
He slumber'd not beneath the wave,
He slept not in the dismal grave;
Nor had he dimm'd a hero's flame –
No, Osmond was a glorious name;
And fair Athenae's foes in war
Had bow'd beneath his scimitar.
Then what had fired poor Ida's eye?
What made her think that all the world
On her the glance of hatred hurled
That in the hour of social mirth
She seem'd an alien on the earth?
An Orphan she – no mother's arm
Had sheltered her fair form from harm;
No Mother's lip her cheek had press'd,
She leaned not on a father's breast;
But there was one whose kindly heart
Would all a parent's love impart;
Who oft her ruby lip would press
With all a lover's tenderness.
And them he meant the vows he paid,
For then he loved the orphan maid.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That morning sun in all its pride
Had shone on Osmond's wealthier bride

And in the splendour of his lot
His injured Ida was forgot.
Despair her icy fingers prest
On the poor orphans wretched breast;
But though it felt their deadly chill,
Her bursting heart would not be still.
She gazed on Osmonds lovely bride,
She gazed upon the mysteried pride;
And murmuring "We shall meet no more
Bent her lone footsteps to the shore.
A dark cloud now the moon obscast,
Loud howld the oceans wintry blast;
A splunge was heard — a dying groan —
A bubble in the moonbeam shone;
A light form rose, then sunk again,
And Ida slept beneath the main.
The sun rose fair, and Oceans breast
Was calm as when he sunk to rest
A Maidens corse ashore was cast,
Pallid — yet beauteous to the last.
To Osmonds halls it was conveyd —
He gazed with anguish on the maid;
Remorse and horror filled his brain —
He fled, and ne'er was seen again:
But on that spot a shadowy form
Oft hovers, and in calm or storm
No bark will ever seek to move
But cautious shun the fatal shore.

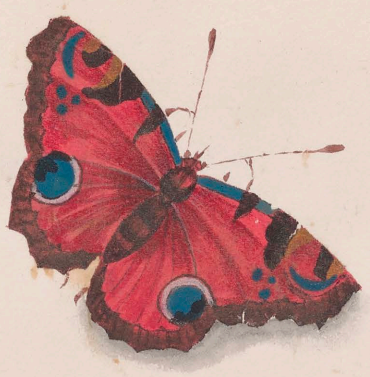




"Oh you, that have the charge of Love,
"Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
"As in the fields of bliss above
"He sits, with flowrets fettered round; —
"Loose not a tie that round him clings,
"Nor ever let him use his wings;
"For even an hour, a minute's flight
"Will rob the plumes of half their light.
"Like that celestial bird, — whose nest
"Is found beneath the Eastern skies, —
"Whose wings, though radiant when at rest
"Lose all their glory when he flies!"




As much of Beauty, as preserves Affection,
As much of Cheerfulness, as shuns Ajection,
Of modest Diffidence, as claims protection.
A docile Mind, subservient to Correction,
Yet stored with Sense, with Reason and Affection.
And every Passion held in due Subjection.
Just Faults enough to keep her from Perfection.
Find these my Friend, and then make your Election.
RECEIPT for a WIFE.



" Sile Dyaman brought his love-delighted hours,
" I have heard no joy in Eden's cozy bowers!
" She rain the wiendly songbirds singing there,
" At sheep-midnight chimed the silent air;
" She rain the wild birds warbled on the steep,
" To hail the sun's slow wheeling from the deep;
" She rain to soothe the solitary shade,
" Aërial notes in waning day invade;
" The summer winds stirk shook the spangled tree,
" The whispering grove, the murmur of the bee; —
" Since sharply pierc'd the melancholy day,
" And stole the stranger with each echoing stay,
" The world was sad! — the garden was a wild! —
" And man the hermit sigh'd — till woman smil'd."



"Hope, with uplifted look and face from earth
"Points for the place of her etherial birth,
"On steady wing, flies thro' th' Empyrean sky,
"Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
"And crowns the soul, while yet it suffers here,
"With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear."

Cowper.

"So strange a thing is found Hope, it surmounts
"All be surpris'd by sure fruition, that,
"The fondest ambitious fantasy, ill dares
"Ask what it does possess: and reasoning out
"Some proof of what it absolutely desires,
"Scarce figureth it self from Hope to fear."

Beaumont's Psyche.

"I will despair, and be at enmity
"With cozening Hope; he is a flatterer,
"A parasite, a keeper back of Death,
"Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
"Which false Hope lingers in extremity."

Shakespeare.

"Tho' plung'd in ills, and each receiv'd in turn,
"Yet never let the noble mind despair.
"When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes,
"The gods their timely succours interpose;
"And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
"By unforeseen expedients bring relief."

Philips.

Peace upon that cause as
life, which is the most excellent
and habit will render it the
most delightful.

Difference is the most comfortable
the most intimate and the
most abundant of all com-
plements.

To be even active on land table
pursuits is to be distinguishing
characteristics of a man of
morals.

Liberty is a name so much admired
and coveted by all mankind,
that no riches can be given
or taken in exchange for it.

Philosophy is only valuable
as it tends to the
and for the
of mankind.

Poverty is a badge of honour
if it has not been incurred by
dishonesty.

Friendship is a name so charming to
the ear, has been sung by poets
and orators, written on by philosophers
and declaimed on by wits, that
one would almost be ashamed
to offer one's own opinion of it.

Poverty is no sin, and
neither disgrace or scandal
could not argue any
meanness in those



I stood beneath an old oak tree
That many a wintry storm had braved;
The sun was sinking o'er the sea
The wind the oak's wide branches waved;
I fixed in deep contemplation deep,
My eye upon a withered leaf
And watch'd it long, but could not weep
For Autumn smiled through tears of grief.

I thought our days for ever fled
When it was blooming freshly green;
I thought how swiftly time had sped,
And altered all that lovely scene
For many a bird sang sweet its air,
When last I visited the spot
And many a summer flower was there,
I look'd for them - but they were not.

This withered leaf was all remained
Of spring's luxuriant bursting forth;
The flexile branch had long sustained
Its tender lights, and still seemed loath
Its latest treasure to resign;
Innumerable leaves were laid
Upon the damp cold ground to pine
That once had formed a grateful shade

I looked on them, but they were changed
And pining into nothingness;
E'en so is man, when quite estranged
And far from those who once could bless;
But sweeter 'tis to those in grief
To fall and fill an early tomb,
Than 'tis to cling, like this lone leaf!
To life, and wait as sad a doom.

Storms gather round us and they pour
Their fury on our naked head;
We drag through many a lonely hour,
Scarce loved in life nor mourned when dead.
Altho' life's morn was fresh and fair
As opening leaf or budding flower,
'Tis ere may be with dark despair
Long years! Without one sunny hour.

A storm swept o'er that ancient tree
Such as this leaf could not survive;
I mourned for it was dear to me
As aught the spring did e'er contrive.
I seemed to be a thing exiled
Exposed to every passing breeze;
Its beauties gone! What beam that smiled
Could bless it with return of these.

It drooped from off its parent tree
And what I most regretted was,
It could not there distinguished be,
Midst myriads which bestrew the grass
And 'tis the fates of man, I said,
Though honors grace his living years
He sinks into his clay cold bed
And fades from e'en affection's tears!










"To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
"Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
"God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
"Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
"With thee conversing I forget all time;
"All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
"With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
"When first on this delightful land he spreads
"His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flowers,
"Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
"After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
"Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
"With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon
"And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
"But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
"With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
"On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
"Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
"Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
"With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
"Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

* *

"Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
"On to their blissful bower: it was a place
"Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
"All things to man's delightful use: the roof
"Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

"Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
"Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
"Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
"Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flower
"Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
"Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between and wrought
"Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
"Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
"Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
"Of costliest emblem. * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"So sung the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
"On his great expedition now appear'd,
"Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
"Of majesty divine; sapience and love
"Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
"About his chariot numberless were pour'd
"Cherub, and seraph, potentates, and thrones,
"And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
"From the armoury of God; where stand of old
"Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
"Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand
"Celestial equipage; and now came forth
"Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
"Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
"Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
"On golden hinges moving, to let forth
"The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
"And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
"On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
"They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
"Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild
"Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
"And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
"Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole."

* * "Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace
"Said then the omnific word; your discord end!
"Nor stay'd; but, on the wings of cherubim
"Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
"Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
"For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train

"Follow'd in bright procession to behold
"Creation, and the wonders of his might.
"Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
"He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
"In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
"This universe, and all created things:
"One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
"Round through the vast profundity obscure,
"And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
"This be thy just circumference, O world!
"Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth
"Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
"Cover'd the abyss: but on the watery calm
"His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
"And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
"Throughout the fluid mass: but downward purg'd
"The heavy from the light, the light, unapt
"For mixture, rising swift in pure above
"His proper region, next the ambient air.
"Earth, self-balanc'd on her centre hung:
"'Let there be light,' said God; and forthwith light
"Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
"Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
"To journey through the airy gloom began,
"Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
"Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
"Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good:
"And light from darkness by the hemisphere
"Divided: light the day and darkness night
"He nam'd. Thus was the first day morn and even."

* *

"So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seem'd
"Entering on studious thoughts abstruse: which Eve
"Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
"With lowliness majestic from her seat
"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
"Rose, and went forth among her fruit and flowers
"To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
"Her nursery: they at her coming sprung
"And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
"Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
"Delighted, or not capable her ear

" of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd
" Adam relating, she sole audience.
* *
" Eve first to her husband thus began.
" Adam well may we labour still to dress
" This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
" Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
" Aid us, the work under our labour grows.
" Luxurious by restraint; what we by day,
" Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
" One night or two with wanton growth derides,
" Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
" Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
" Let us divide our labours; thou where choice
" Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
" The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
" The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
" In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
" With myrtle find what to redress, till noon
" Our task we choose."
* *
" Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven
" What love sincere and reverence in my heart
" I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
" Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
" I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
" Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
" Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
" My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee
" Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
" While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
" Between us two let there be peace ——— Both now
" To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad
" Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
" With sinfulness of men, thereby to learn
" True patience, and to temper joy with fear
" And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
" By moderation either state to bear,
" Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
" Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
* *

"Thy mortal passage when it comes." "
* "Overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won." "
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * "But now lead on;
"In me is no delay; with thee to go,
"To stay here; without thee here to stay
"Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
"Art all things under heaven, all places thou." "
* *
"Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
"The world was all before them, where to choose
"Their place of rest, and providence their guide:
"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
"Through Eden took their solitary way." "





"And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd
"Benevolent and facile thus replied:
"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for heaven
"Is as the book of God before thee set
"Wherein to read his wonderous works, and learn
"His seasons, hours or days, or months, or years;
"This to attain, whether heaven move or earth,
"Imports not if thou reckon right; the rest
"From man or angel the great Architect
"Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
"His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
"Rather admire; or, if they list to try
"Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
"Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
"His laughter at their quaint opinions." * * * *



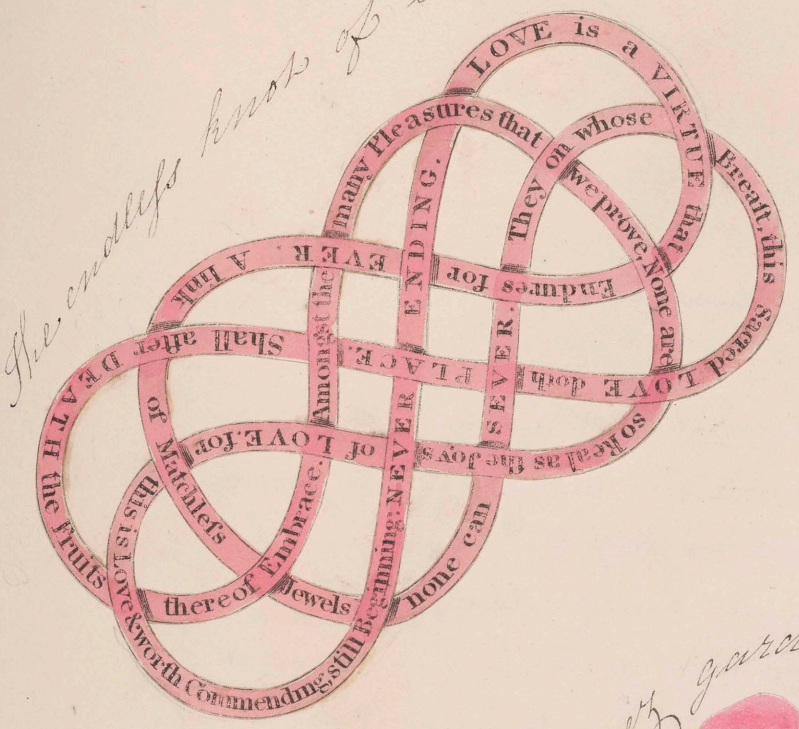
Milton's Sonnet on his blindness.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flock or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Deep in the bleak horizon, sky and sea
Blend in night,
Thy spirit wanders in eternal light!
And to thy tongue impetic power is given,
While yet on earth, to please the muse of heaven.



The endless knot of love.





Prenez garde.





Give the chase







Three Noblemen

The Late Queen of Prussia*.

The memory of Louisa may safely disregard the calumnies invented to asperse it. If the character of a woman, and a queen, is to be gathered from her husband, her children, and her subjects, few of her rank will fill a more honourable place. She said herself shortly before her death, "Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women; but whoever knows the calamities of these times, will say of me, she suffered with constancy. May he be able to add, she gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and at length succeeded." She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for her virtues; she had all the qualifications of an amiable woman, of a Queen, she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty, or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people, it was her pure, mild, simple, and affectionate character." * * * * * * *

* The Sacontala of the following Tale,



The Bramin's Gift.

It was a day of joy and revelry, of joy unfeign'd, of revelry unforced, through India's hundred realms; for Sacontala, she beautiful, the noble, and the good, th' imperial sharer of Wikrama's throne, upon her natal morn kept holiday. Sylph-like her form, yet stately as the pine that grows upon the mountain-top and woos Heaven's kisses to its brow; her long dark locks fell rich and ripe as the vine's clusters down her snowy neck; her forehead high and pale beneath the shade of those ambrosial curls rose like a throne; broad spread her soft smooth brows, and her long lashes shaded two sweet orbs, which, black as night, yet brighter than night's queen, showered noon-tide radiance round — and then her face — Oh; twas like a thing for fervent bards to dream of — bright and yet dark — not Europe's red and white, but the still lovelier glow of her own clime; all sun and shadow, like the burning close of summer's eve; yet 'twas a shadow like that which Love's wings o'er his own Psyche throws when he brood's o'er his slumbers. So she sat upon her golden throne, and all around was joy and gladness. Some brought costly gifts and spread them at her feet; rare gems, rich fruits, odours, and gold; and some look'd up to heav'n, and call'd down Brama's blessing on her head. Her heart with gratitude and happiness o'erflow'd, and feelings high and eloquent spoke on her changing brow; sometimes a smile like lightning ran across her features; then a burning blush would mantle o'er her cheek, sudden and beautiful as the sun-set glow upon the Alps, when all their summits burn like one magnificent evening sacrifice before th' eternal throne; and oft, a tear gather'd in her dark eye but dimm'd it not; its brightness, like the glow-worm's lamp, seem'd fed by that ethereal dew.

The Braman's Gift,

At length a Bramin approached the joyous throng assembled round the Palace gates, and in his hand he bore a basket formed of plaited rushes, filled with flowers, and bordered round with simple mofs. The servants of the Palace gazed in wonder upon the Bramin's gift. "And will he dare," they ask'd eachother, "will he dare approach the splendour of the throne with his rush basket border'd with crisped mofs!" The Bramin pafs'd undaunted on to Sacontala's throne, and placed his basket at her feet. "Behold kind mother of thy people, this rush basket, this tender mofs, and these few simple flow'rs, these are the produce of that distant valley, far from this gorgeous Palace, where thy feet walk'd in life's sweet spring morning; these, as thou, grew up be-neath the show'rs and sunshine there, and these, thy sister flow'rs of that sweet vale, I offer up, no unmeet gift, to thee, the fairest of them all." Then did the Queen bow down her gracious head, and cast her eyes on the rush Basket edged with mofs, and smile upon her sister flow'rs of that sweet vale. In Gladnefs did the Braman bend his steps back to his dis-tant valley, and it seemed more beautiful and happy in his eyes, for he had gazed on Sacontala's smile.

The Diamond,

It was a day of sorrow and of sighs, of heartfelt sorrow, of soul-searching sighs, through Indias hundred realms, for Sacontala, with weeping, and with silent pray'rs to Brama, kept now her natal day. War's iron foot had trampled on her realm and laid it waste, and even the sweet flowrs of her native vale felt it's unhallow'd presence. For from her Vikrama sought the fight; begirt with foes he waged unequal and unprosp'rous war;

The Bramin's Gift

His bravest and his truetiest fell around him, while treachery fill'd his camp, and ingrate friends forgot the hand that rais'd them, and prov'd false and recreant to their lord, therefore did tears stream plenteously down Sacountalas cheek, and sighs and sorrow mark'd her natal day. The Bramin came again, he bow'd his head before his sovereign's throne, fair Queen," he cried, Sorrow and suffering have not chang'd the hearts of those who in my valley dwell; they still cherish unaltered loyalty and love to thee, no fragrant flowers I bring thee here; trampled and trodden under foot, they strew our valley now; but they will bloom again more beautiful than ever when the spring, by Brama sent, shall chase away the clouds that darken round us yet, behold I bring thee the rarest wonder that our vale produces, a diamond bright as ever India beheld,——
The Queen gazed on in silent wonder, while the Bramin thus pro—
—ceeded: " while yet youth unsullied by a tear, and cloudless joys sat smiling on thy brow, I gave thee flowers, now has grief, like a sullen canker-worm, eaten the roses on thy cheek, I knew that thou wouldst greet thy natal day with tears, and tears are to the virtuous spirit like the dew that falls from Heaven upon the blossoms, expanding their sweet leaves, and drawing all their fragrance out, thus Brama sanctifies his favourites, and therefore have I brought thee the noblest work of nature."
Thus he spake, and reverently at Sacountalas feet laid down a casket of rich ebony, The lid unclosed, the precious gem flash'd forth a ray so bright, the faces of the Queen and all her weeping maidens, who had stooped to

The Bramin's Gift.

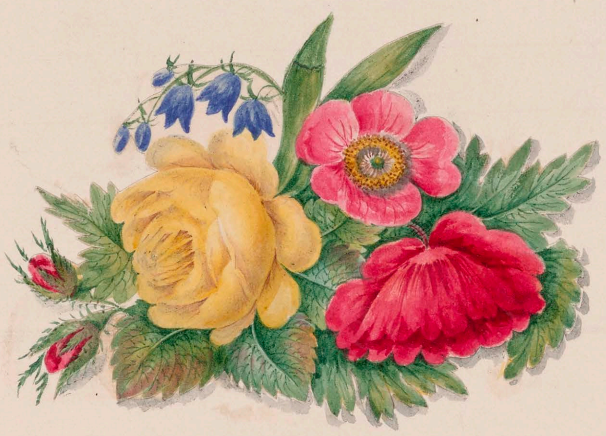
gaze upon it, suddenly became brightly transfigured, and their white breasts shone like waves that heave and sparkle in the sun, while the sad tear down Sacountalas cheek that stole, grew brighter even than her smile. In sorrow did the Bramin bend his steps back to his distant valley; and it seem'd happy and lovely in his eyes no more, for he had gazed on — Sacountala's tears.

The Tomb.

Once more through the hundred realms of Ind, it was a day of joy and revelry; Trumpets and cymbals fill'd the once sad vales with their sweet minstrelsy, and from the hills rose up to Brama sacrificial fires, For he had bless'd Wikramas righteous cause with triumph, and the foeman's basilisk eye glazed ruin on the peaceful plains no more, The Bramin heard the shouts of victory and songs of peace, and gladness fill'd his heart, he bowed his aged face down to the ground and worshipp'd, then arose, and on his head pour'd holy ointment. "Ere I die," he said, "I will behold the triumph of the just, and gaze once more on Sacountalas smile." Then with the fairest spring-flow'rs of the vale he fill'd his small rush basket once again, and cover'd them with young shoots of the palm-tree, and of the olive, and with fragrant sprigs of tender myrtle, then in haste he turned his face to the great city, and amidst the exulting myriads pass'd on silently. Joy on his aged features beam'd serenely as he approached the Palace gates, and saw the servants of the King, — "open your gates," he cried," that I may offer up once more my

gift to the good Queen, for I have lived seven weary years—
a stranger to the world." The servants gazed upon him as he
spoke, and wept, and answer'd not. "Why do ye weep?"
the old man said, "and wherefore are your faces thus changed?",
and art thou then a stranger here," they said," and know'st not
what has came to pass?" and then they shew'd him Sacontala's
tomb. "Behold," they cried —" her heart is broken," and they
leaned their heads upon their breasts and wept. Then were the
features of the aged man glorified; and his eye gleamed like a
youth's. He lifted up his head to Heav'n, and said, "do I not see
immortal Brama's throne, and the eternal light that circles
it,? do I not gaze on Sacontala's smile again, as on a cloud,
tinged with the hues of morning. She reposes and looks down.
Pure victim of her suffering country! now she shines the
priestess of celestial peace. See, Sainted spirit, these terrestrial
flow'rs I dedicate to thee!"—

He bowed his face over the grave
and flowers.— A gentle rustling arose, and Brama had
releas'd his spirit.



Thrice welcome, little English Flowers!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my Father's bowers,
Thou shalt thee blithe memorial be:
The fairy-sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, each dear English Flower!
To me the pledge of Hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

Charles.

Calcutta
June 1826

Thus said Britannia to the nations round
Whom humbly waiting her behests she found

'Ye Pow'rs! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand



'Come, India, quick disclose thy store,
'And hither bring Peruvian ore;
'Let yonder negro pierce the main,
'The choicest, largest pearl to gain;
'Let all my slaves their arts combine,
'To make the blushing ruby mine;
'From eastern thrones the di'monds bear
'To sparkle in my flowing hair?

Ah Love! the rose that decks thy shrine,
Tho seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.



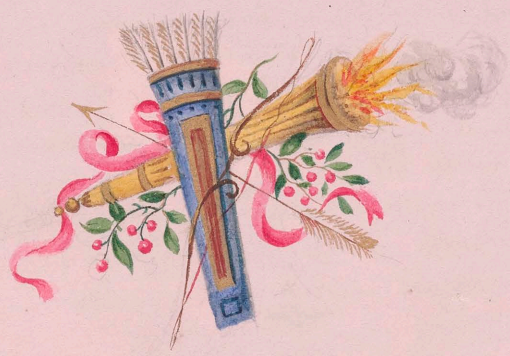


Ah! mon pauvre cœur!



Where is the suffering heart but knows,
Love's first steps are upon the rose.





Woman's Love

"Such is woman's love, binding with the slightest breath of air, not breaking beneath
"the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes in the warm beam of truth, dies not
"in the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive
"to the tenderness of female affection? The earth holds not a being so heartless,
"but that at times the fond affection of woman must rouse him to feelings, which
"throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker feelings of his soul. He may be
"cold in his nature; apathy may dwell in his mind, his bosom may be senseless
"to, and reckless of all her shining qualities; but there are moments when
"love will warm the coldest, the most insensible; when its brightness will
"rouse him from his apathy, when its kindness will soothe its very agonies.—
"Love in woman is one unclouded ray of dazzling light, the intense glow of
"the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour
"no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it
"will shine on for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty.—
"Were I required to name the moment, when I would consend that may hopes
"of joy should fail, I would say the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat
"for love; love pure, faithful, unmixed with the baser feelings of human nature.
"I am a man, but I can speak of man's love only as a summer's cloud. It is
"seen, it strikes upon the eye in all the brilliancy of abstract beauty;
"but it is a mere vision, it has no substance; it is a shade which floats
"upon the surface, mixes with the other visions of life, and is seen no more!
"If it be marked with greater strength in man, how does it shew itself?
"It proves its force like the storm cloud, by the destruction of what it
"was meant to cherish. It drives love's weak vessel, a woman's heart, amongst
"those rocks and breakers, which to touch upon, is sure destruction. It is only
"in woman's heart that the flower of love finds a native soil. In the heart
"of man it may flourish for a while as an exotic; but when the care of the
"cultivator is withdrawn, when it is no longer watched with careful anxiety, it
"droops, withers, and dies."



Woman

Woman! dear Woman in whose name,
Wife, Sister, Mother, meet –
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat.
In thee the Angel virtues shine;
An Angel form to thee is given;
Thine be an Angel's office thine
To lead the soul to heaven.

From thee we draw our infant strength
Thou art our Childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length
On thee his hopes depend.
For round the heart thy power has spun
A thousand dear mysterious ties:
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies.



LOVE'S FLOWERS.

When men false men, begin to woo.
In accents soft their passion breathing
Fair seeming flowers so thick they strew
Around the heart you cannot view
Its texture for the wreathing.
Ah! silly maids beware the cheat;
'Tis but the flow'rs which seem so sweet.





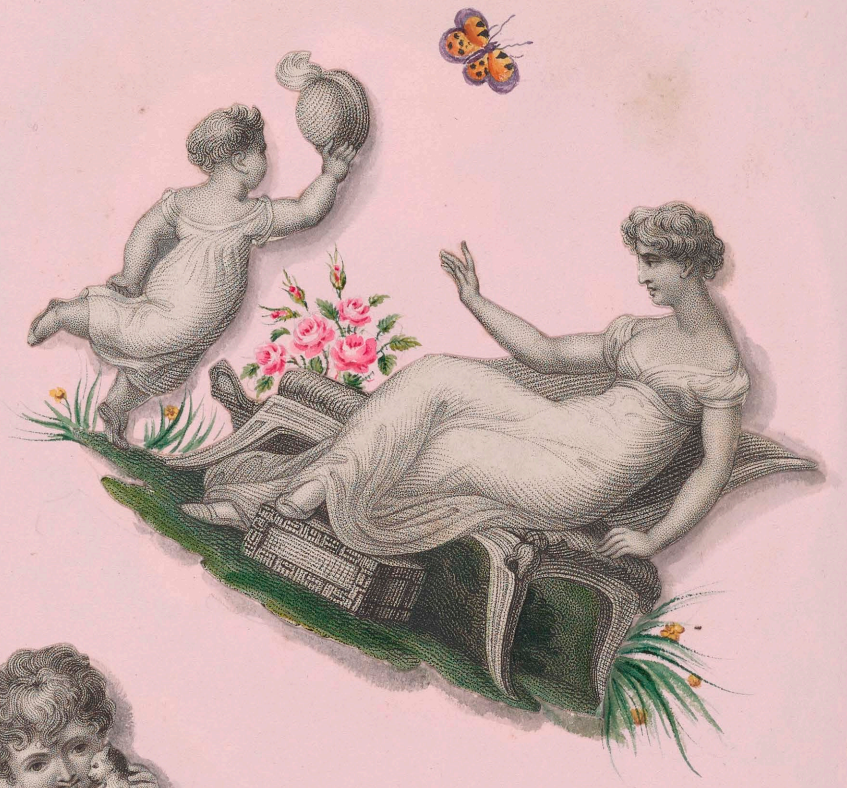


















Extracts from the Giaour.

"As rising on its purple wing
"The insect-queen of eastern spring,
"O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer.
"Invites the young pursuer near,
"And leads him on from flower to flower
"A weary chase and wasted hour,
"Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
"With panting heart and tearful eye;
"So Beauty lures the fullgrown child
"With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
"A chase of idle hopes and fears,
"Begun in folly, closed in tears.
"If won, to equal ills betrayed,
"Woe waits the insect and the maid,
"A life of pain, the loss of peace,
"From infant's play, or man's caprice:
"The lovely toy so fiercely sought
"Has lost its charm by being caught,
"For every touch that wooed its stay
"Has brushed the brightest hues away,
"Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
"'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
"With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
"Ah! where shall either victim rest?
"Can this with faded pinion soar
"From rose to Tulip as before?
"Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
"Find joy within her broken bower?
"No: gayer insects flutt'ring by
"Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
"And lovelier things have mercy shown
"To every failing but their own,
"And every woe a tear can claim
"Except an erring sister's shame."

* * * * * * * * * * * *



" He who hath bent him o'er the dead
" Ere the first day of death is fled,
" The first dark day of nothingness,
" The last of danger and distress
" (Before Decay's effacing fingers
" Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
" And marked the mild angelic air —
" The rapture of repose that's there —
" The fixed yet tender traits that streak
" The languor of the placid cheek,
" And — but for that sad shrouded eye
" That fears not — wins not — weeps not — now —
" And but for that chill changeless brow,
" Where cold Obstruction's apathy
" Appals the gazing mourner's heart
" As if to him it could impart
" The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon —
" Yes — but for these and these alone
" Some moments — ay — one treacherous hour,
" He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
" So fair — so calm — so softly seal'd
" The first-last look — by death revealed!
" Such is the aspect of this shore
" 'Tis Greece — but living Greece no more!
" So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
" We start — for soul is wanting there
" Hers is the loveliness in death,
" That parts not quite with parting breath;
" But beauty with that fearful bloom
" That hue which haunts it to the tomb —
" Expression's last receding ray,
" A gilded halo hovering round decay,
" The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
" Spark of that flame — perchance of heavenly birth —
" Which gleams — but warms no more its cherish'd earth!"

* *

" If solitude succeed to grief
" Release from pain is slight relief
" The vacant bosom's wilderness
" Might thank the pang that made it less.
" We loathe what none are left to share —
" Even bliss — 'twere woe alone to bear
" The heart once left desolate
" Must fly at last for ease — to hate "

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"It is as if the desert-bird
"Whose beak unlocks her bosom's streams;
"To still her famished nestlings scream,
"Nor mourns a life to them transferred;

"Should rend her rash devoted breast
"And find them flown her empty nest
"The keenest pangs the wretched find
"Are rapture to the dreary void—
"The leafless desert of the mind—
"The waste of feelings unemployed—
"Who would be doomed to gaze upon
"A sky without a cloud or sun?
"Less hideous far the tempest's war
"Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
"Thrown when the war of winds is o'er
"A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
"Mid sullen calm and silent bay,
"Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
"Better to sink beneath the shock
"Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"She sleeps beneath the wandering wave
"Ah! had she but an earthly grave
"This breaking heart and throbbing head
"Should seek and share her narrow bed
"She was a form of life and light—
"That seen— became a part of sight,
"And rose— where'er I turned mine eye—
"The Morning-star of Memory.
"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven—
"A spark of that immortal fire
"With angels shared— by Alla given,
"To lift from earth our low desire
"Devotion wafts the mind above
"But Heaven itself descends in love—
"A feeling from the Godhead caught,
"To wean from self each sordid thought—
"A Ray of him who form'd the whole
"A Glory circling round the soul!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"'Tis true, that like the bird of prey
"With havock have I marked my way—
"But this was taught me by the dove—
"To die— and know no second love

" This lesson yet hath man to learn
" Taught by the thing he dares to spurn —
" The bird that sings within the brake
" The swan that swims upon the lake
" One mate and one alone will take "

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" In earlier days and calmer hours
" When heart with heart delights to bend
" Where bloom my native valleys bowrs
" I had — Ah have I now? a friend!
" To him this pledge I charge thee send —
" Memorial of a youthful vow;
" I would remind him of my end —
" Though souls absorbed like mine allow
" Brief thoughts to distant friendships claim
" Yet dear to him my blighted name "

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Tell him unheeding as I was —
" Through many a busy bitter scene
" Of all our golden youth had been
" In pain my faultering tongue had tried
" To bless his memory ere I died.
" But heaven in wrath would turn away
" If guilt should for the guiltless pray
" I do not ask him not to blame —
" Too gentle he to wound my name;
" And what have I to do with fame?
" I do not ask him not to mourn
" Such cold request might sound like scorn
" And what than friendship's manly tear
" May better grace a brother's bier?
" But bear this ring — his own of old —
" And tell him what thou dost behold
" The withered frame — the ruined mind
" The wreck by passion left behind —
" A shrivelled scroll — a scattered leaf
" Scared by the autumn blast of grief "





THE IVY

Methinks I hate the Ivy, for it clings
Not in affection, Like the parisite
Its close embrace brings but a surer blights;
Death lurks amid the intertwisted strings,
And round about its treacherous arms it flings
As Delilah the unsuspecting might
Of Sampson. Ay, and say it mocks the sight
With specious greenness, when the winter brings
Its withering breath o'er all the world beside.
Then least of all the Ivy pleaseth me
Despite its seeming. 'Tis still envy's way
Smiling the desolation round to see;
When others droop, to wax in double pride,
And only in their fruitage find decay.

The Lover's invocation to the Moon.

Bright orb! Thy mildly lustrous light
To lovers eyes ever doth appear,
So brightly beaming through the night,
Dispensing joy, dispelling fear.

When distance spreads between the pair,
To look on thee as some fixed bourne
So dear employ; it's soft'ning care,
Lends wings to fond affection's yearn.

Each finds a sweet delight to know,
That to thy form the tearful eyes
Are turn'd, with all Love's gentle glow,
And silent rapture through the skies

Beaton's sage head once the fowl,
Across thy boundless disk to spread
His wistful thoughts in lonely hour,
By distant beings to be read.

Had I their art, my hand should woo
Love's language o'er thine azure face,
Entwine each sound and faithful vow
For thee to waft through witless space.

Then, would I say to her, whose eye
Doth shine on thee with anxious gaze,
Whose heart would leave the troubled sigh,
Whose heart would throb with fond amaze.

Dear one! - To love it now is given,
To waft its breathings through the skies;
Purer they come than incense Heaven,
To soothe thy soul, and check thy sighs.



Child of gay summer's warmest beam,
Thy life is but a halcyon dream,
In sporting pleasures spent.
To every zephyr you unfold
your brilliant wings of burnish'd gold,
Nor feel a pang of discontent.

But, if wild tempests trouble the tide,
And clouds obscure your beamy skies,
Thy transient slips is o'er:
Thy brightest beauties fade away;
And summer's sweetly-smiling day
'Tis thine to hail no more.

How like to this is misery's short race:-
Where Pleasure prospers her embrace,
And spreads each lasting charm,
The gaily flutters in her train,
Nor thinks of sorrow, want, or pain,
Nor feels one fear alarm.

But when the frown of woe appears,
To pale her trembling soul with fears,
The syren, Pleasure, flies;
While her weak votary droops dismay'd,
And sinking low in sorrow's shade,
He, broken-hearted, dies.'—



The meeting of the Waters. *

There is not in this wide world, a valley so sweet
As that Vale in whose bosom the bright Waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that Valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of Streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belovèd of my bosom were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts like thy Waters, be mingled in peace.

* The Rivers of Avon and Avoca.



Extracts from the Sabbath Muse

"And can there be who doubts there is a God,
"And life eternal! — when the river flows,
"Deny the fountain head who will the wave,
"That curling murmurs parthas from its source,
"That source attests. Shew me some well wrought work
"Of matter or of mind; though you produce
"No author, I conclude that such there was,
"Or this had never been, and give him praise.
"And why should sense demur? There the poor slave:
"Doom'd by some tyrant's hard decree to starve,
"Wakes in his dungeon, on his rocky bed,
"From sleep, then wildly casts his eyes around,
"As if in search of death, let him espy
"In osier frame sweet herbage of the field
"To greet his famished lip, and from the spring,
"In earthen jar, the lucid draughts to cheer
"His parching tongue; will he not straight exclaim
"That some kind hand hath op'd his prison door
"And brought this bounty? will he not invoke
"A blessing on the donor, as he tastes,
"And feels the temperate tide of health return,
"To cool the heated recesses of his heart,
"And pacify the fever in his brain?
"Tell him 'twas chance: — but no; — you could not thus
"Abuse his ear, nor wound his smelling soul
"In presence of the Angel Gratitude."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"And is creation not a work of skill
"In its grand outline, in its parts minute
"That we should mark its movements, trace its laws,
"Observe its fine consenting harmonies,
"Yet feel no prompts of reason to infer
"The being of a great intelligence?

" 'Tis vain to track out chance in idle pomp
" Of glory, to advance it to a throne,
" To choose it ministers among the winds,
" To put the solemn thunders in its grasp
" And bid it shake creation till the stars
" Rock in their altitudes: if you not add
" Wisdom, love of order, and the mind
" Together with the might to make that love
" Order shine through all created things.
" This idol of your thoughts is but a dark
" And savage impulse working ends reverse;
" A terror doing seeds of Charity.
" Add wisdom, love of order, bounty, truth,
" And take me with you to the temple, where
" You lay your offerings, and I will join
" My hands with thine; for chance, ennobled so,
" Is God misnamed, but God still infinite."

* * * * * * * *

" I knew a man, whose conduct no reproach
" Could stain; but he denied the Almighty cause;
" His lot was cast just in the middle grove
" Where comfort builds her nest; 3 there were fledg'd
" The feelings that belong to home; that live
" Beneath paternal roofs, and love them well,
" And shed more blessings round the sacred hearth
" Than household Gods in old mythology
" Were feign'd to lavish. but the bliss that fumes
" Its incense here, is brief. First one by one
" His children died: the Mother next was called;
" Nor youth, nor truth availed her. 'Twas a sight
" Might move a Stoic's heart, to see disease
" Light up her features with so mild a gleam
" As if the change to the Angelic state
" Already were begun, and death had waived

" His office to devolve on beauty's self
" The conduct of so fair a guest to heaven.
" She droop'd:- but who shall paint the bitterness
" Of his regret? 'Twas not the natural pain
" The common fear that trickled down his cheek.
" 'Twas impious grief, or of a nameless cast;
" A fear that was a blasphemy; despair
" And horror sat beside it in his soul. "

* * * * - Death final death,
" The universal foe with his blank sleep
" Stood by to seize the Wife he loved and plunge her
" In fathomless nothing never more to be,
" No not so much as the breathing air
" Or the responsive echo or the sound
" That storms or reviving makes when nature trembles.

* * * * * * * *

" When the last morning with a clay cold hand,
" The curtain drew of Emma's bed. She called
" Her husband to her. Awful is the pain
" Of seeing those we love depart from life,
" And awful counsels well befit the hour -
" She seized the favouring crisis, spoke of hope
" Of faith. She drew a bible from her breast
" Gave it but spoke not. She was speechless too.
" One tear from either dropt upon the book -
" And that was all; unless some Angels tear
" Might mingle. Emma's thoughts were in Heaven then.
" But hark! that sigh. Though gentle 'tis the last.
" Oh never, never, more shall Emma sigh -
" Life's colour vanished in her cheek but not
" Its smile that smile - it look'd almost immortal.

* * * * * * * *

" She is not stone, although she stands as still;
" But flesh and blood, with thinking power in excess.
" And feelings nicely wrought. His glazed eye,
" White as the unwritten tablet of his soul,
" With horror white, is fixed and frozen o'er

" But the cold damp on his brow
" Grows warm when he beholds the smile of death;
" And full the hope his Emma died in.
" This was the consummation. In his hand
" The bible still he held; close to his heart
" He pressed it now; then on his knees he fell
" With eloquence warm as the purest spring.
" Descends the rock, hope gushed in living streams
" From out the fissure of his cloven heart;
" Tears mingled with his words, joy with his grief
" Contrition with his rapture; till the act
" Of his deliverance perfected in prayer
" The grave gave up its dead; before him passed
" In glad review, born to another life,
" His wife, his children, his own image rose
" Amongst them, and the world cast far behind
" Into the shades of time; together on
" They roamed through fields where bliss for ever reigns
" No more to meet with death or weep for parting."

" Nature is dumb on this important point;
" Or hopes precarious in low whispers breathes;
" Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
" But turn and dart into the dark again.
" Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,
" To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
" And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
" Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
" That mountain barrier between man and peace.
" 'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
" From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb."



If this fair Rose offend thy sight,
It near thy forehead wear;
I will blush to see a purer white,
And turn Incarnation there.



Tasso's last interview with the Princess Leonora.

A courtly scene it was, the tapers threw
Their glare of beauty o'er the gathered crowd,
Touched it as if with the moonlight's softer hue;
And on the ear there came the dying close
Of a lute's love song; then a master drew
From the charmed chords such honey tones as those:
Bright tears were in the bright eyes round; but none
Wept, lest one falling tear might mar a tone.

Nobles and courtly dames stood round the Bard,
Pouring those gentle flatteries in his ear
Which ever are the Minstrel's best reward.
Alas! and is the serpent's trail even here?
Harsh all earth's destinies, — but his most hard
Who may not trust the praise he loves to hear —
Who may not hold his fame sure till, too late,
The seal of death and truth is set by fate.

There stood he, half in pleasure, half in scorn
Holding such homage at its genuine worth:
But from some young lip's curl a murmur borne,
And tears in pride and starry eyes had birth,
Speaking in eloquent silence; and were worn
Far in his heart, amid things most dear of earth.
He felt his song was felt — to poet's lays
Sympathy is more precious far than praise.

He moved away; he had been standing where
His eye upon a picture shape could dwell;
A brow proud, beautiful as Dian's are;
A neck curved with the white swan's haughtiest swell
Above the waters; the soft cheek was fair,
But colourless, — as the heart had nought to tell
That might disturb so pure a sanctuary
With lights and blushes of a troubled sky.

With one long look he turned away his gaze
From thy high beauty, peerless Leonore!
For much the breast its secret thought betrays
When it hath seemed closed most securely o'er;

Suspicion

Suspicion more than hurried steps would raise
Than all his ardent looks had done before;
Twas fools gazing with a painter's eye—
But love was in that start and in that sigh.

He entered in a small alcove, where hung
A wreathed rose-tree, a snow-starr'd jasmine:
The life blood to the poet's fore-head sprung;
For bending there, like spirit at her shrine,
The Princess Leonore had backwards flung
Her silver veil and Tuscan grape-like wine
As if she had listen'd in so wrapt a mood
That still she kept her listening attitude.

Small likeness was there to the portrait now—
Her cheek was crimson, and the soften'd eye
Shed softness over the unsteady brow,
And the lips parted with a half-breathed sigh:
She bent to pluck a flower that grew below,
Hiding her face thus, all too consciously:
But Tasso's heart drank in a hope, a thought,
Which like that hour not even a dream had brought.
He spoke, they were but a few hurried words—
Of the sweet flowers around, the heat, the nights
Yet were they such as the best heart records
For many an after moment's long delight;
They touched upon his spirit's inmost chords;
Tho broken was the sense, the accents light,
Yet sweeter was to him that tremulous tone
Than all that eloquence were proud to own.
* * * They parted—and they never met again;
For envious eyes were watching their dear hour,
Each head to expiate in tears and pain—
Tho in the maniac's chain and gloomy tower,
Tho the fire fed alike on heart and brain:
And she with lonely grief in regal bower,
Mocking the misery by silence mute;
Subdued, unpitied, and perchance the wood.

This was their history—alas! too like
All records that of Love or genius are——
Shafts sharpen'd into brightness but to strike
Their deadliest.

JOHE.

" God form'd all creatures hides the book of fate,
" All but the page prescribed, their present state.
" From wisdom what man, from man what spirit knows,
" Or who could suffer being here below?
" The lamb thy riots dooms to bleed to day,
" Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
" Pleased to the last, he crops the flowry food,
" And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
" Oh blindness to the future kindly given!
" That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
" Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
" Wait the great teacher death, and God adore!
" What future state he gives not thee to know,
" But gives that hope, to be thy blessing now.
" Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
" Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind:
" His soul proud science never taught to stray,
" Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
" Yet simple nature to his hopes has given
" Behind the cloud topp'd hill an humbler heaven.
" Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
" Some happier Island in the watry waste;
" Where slaves once more their native land behold,
" No friends torment, no christians thirst for gold.
" To be, contents his natural desire,
" He asks no angels wings, no seraphs fire:
" But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
" His faithful dog shall bear him company." * * "



Pretty painted fly,
Flirts your giddy round,
In every flow'ret gay,
Oh! why!
Is honey to be found?
No, no, no, not honey there you see,
You seek alone, you seek variety,
Pretty painted fly.

Little busy Bee,
On the wing so rare,
Every flower you see,
Oh! me!
You gather treasure there.
Yes, yes, all yield their sweets to thee,
Still growing still variety,
Little busy Bee.





There are two thousand winged creatures of delight
Floating around, as if their birth and flight
Were with the golden showers of day that fall
Through the thick leaves— would I could live them all!
Beautiful flowers, wherefore are not ye
Types, wishes, that are possible to be?
I wish I were a Fairy,— I would dwell
In the pavilions of your blue harebell,
Companion of the butterfly and bee,
Whose honey treasures should be shared with me.
Or, for an older dream,— would you have wood
Hack me the bread of its solitude—
The gentle spirits of the place, to shape
New springs of flowers at my lightest wave,
And, with the sunny waves of my bright hair,
To shake out dew and freshness every where:
And when my green and summer life was past
To die with one sweet passing song at last.

Alas! alas! we feel too much we live
But by earth's toil and sorrow: I would give
My own apart existence, to be blent
With the sun-shine, or the blue element.
Would I could plunge into the lightest air
And be, transfused, of it!







"When arrived at the entrance of Calypso's grotto,
"Telemachus was surprised to discover, amid the
"appearance of a rustic simplicity, all that could
"delight the eye. True it is, here was seen neither
"gold nor silver, nor marble; neither columns, nor
"pictures, nor statues: but the grotto was bordered in
"the rock, forming arcades encrusted with pebbles and
"shell work, and was lined with a young, luxuriant
"vine, whose pliant branches extended equally on
"every side. Balmy zephyrs here preserved delicious
"coolness, in spite of the burning heat: from hence
"was a prospect of the sea, sometimes clear and
"smooth as glass, sometimes roughly raging, breaking
"against the rocks with furious din, and tossing its
"mountainous billows." * * * * * * * * * *







APHORISMS

To err is human –
To forgive divine –

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another increaseth his own.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad motives.

Great men are speedily taxed with small faults as the most precious things are stinn rejected for the slightest blemishes

Love has been aptly compared to a spiders web which excells more art than solidity.

The world is a volume written by the hand of God containing but three leaves – the Heavens the Earth and the Sea.

It may be said of great armour & the virtues as memory among the faculties the idiots made a Great man yet never man was ever great without it.

Aristotle was asked what he got by philosophy he answered that he did what others did for fear of the law.

Men, with pride & self-satisfaction their contempt

Prudence & moderate desert gains the esteem of

Content without riches – listen to Consult Nature, it will teach you to be avarice, it will teach you to be poor, and unhappy in the midst of plenty.

Death but unwillingly more so who regret.

The man must be miserable who wishes for

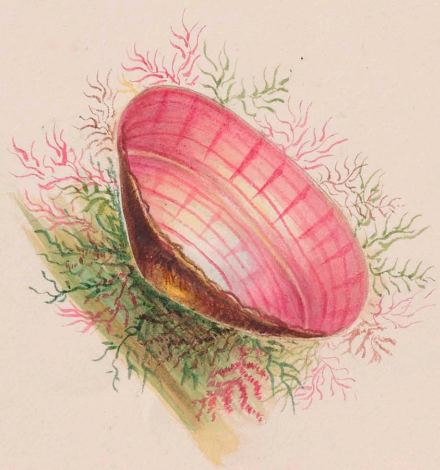
Nothing is more sincere than conscience nor more advantageous than its counsels.

Friendship is a tender plant in every clime – happy the man who can rear it.

Dogs barks at the Moon, but the Moon shines not the less bright on that account.

Those who blow the coals of strife chance to have the sparks fly in their faces

To expect to be respected if we despise ourselves is as unreasonable as to expect to be happy without virtue.





Lines upon H. K White, by L. Byron.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuits,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruits.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
Wing'd with the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener sure to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Song

Peace be around thee wheresoever thou roves't,
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way:
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even its tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers they'll but make
The smiles that follow, shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee, let years so gently fall
They shall not crush one flow'r beneath:
As half in shade and half in Sun
This world, along its path advances,
May that side still the Sun's upon
Be all that ever meet thy glances.

F.

Epitaph on a Friend.

O thy Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honoured bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy panting breath,
When thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the lingering hour in his course;
Could sighs avert his adamantine force;
Could youth and virtue claim the short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still hadst lived, to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
Yet, yet, thy gentle spirit hovers nigh
The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
Here will thou wake, recorded here my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there, are seen to weep;
* Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendships can efface?
Ah, no! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.
* Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb

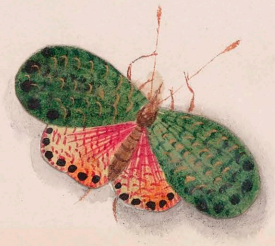
If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove, that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.



THE TOMB OF ROMEO AND JULIET

My worship'd love, and heaven
Thy life but as an April gleam—
A thing of sun-shine and of showers,
Of dying leaves, and falling flowers.
Who would not bear the darkest sphere
That such a rainbow comes to cheer?
Ay, turn and veil above the tomb
Where sleeps the wreck of life and bloom;
Such dream is quite enough to say,—
Thine Beauty—and thine love decay.
But I, must look upon this spot
With feelings they could have not;
Those gentle thoughts that consecrate
E'en while they weep, the lover's fate.
I thought upon the fair-hill town,
When heard the hermit mid leaf and flower,
And blush'd, and smil'd the tale to hear,
Pour'd from the dark eyed Cavalier;
And yet, I too cannot sympathize,
Albeit with gentler sympathies,
Of all my own fond heart can tell
Of love's despair, and love's farewell—
Of many miseries, the fever
Like lava, and like dew—its fears
That make hope painful—then its trust
So often trampled in the dust;
Neglected, blighted, and betrayed,
A sorrow and a mockery made,
Then change and adverse fortune, all
That binds and keeps sweet love in thrall.
Oh surely, surely, it were best
To die just for one moment blest,
Just gaze upon one worshiped eye,
And know yourself beloved,—and, die!!!



The following beautiful lines written by the Honourable M George Tucker, of Virginia, on his being asked why he had caused to count the poetic Muse, needs no apology for a re introduction to my Albume.



Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away.
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and grey.
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more.
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrow'd all o'er.
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone.
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.



Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past.
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last.
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight.
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light.
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod.
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fix'd on your God.





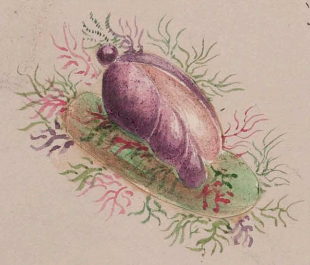


Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.



Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn;
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.





The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool
The playful children, just let loose from school





The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind;



When Paris lives not to Oenone true,



Back Xanthus' streams shall to their fountains flow.



Come simple flowret of the paty leaf
With yellow eye, and stalk of downy green,
Though mild thy lustre, though thy days are brief
O come and decorate my cottage scene

For thee I'll rear a bank, where softest moss
And tenderest grass shall carelessly combine
No haughty flower shall shine in gaudy gloss
But azure violets mix their blos with thine

Far far away each keener wind shall fly,
Each threatening tempest of the early year!
Thy fostering gale shall be the parents sigh
The dew that gems thy bud the parents tear.

To the Primrose

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glades
Emblem of Virtue in the shade
Rearing thy head to brave the storm
That would thine innocence deform!
Of all the flowrs that greet the spring—
Of all the flowrs the seasons bring
To me while doomd to linger here
The lowly Primrose shall be dear



EXTRACTS FROM THE CORSAIR

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
"Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free
"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam
"Survey our empire and behold our home!

* *

"Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
"Within — within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!
"Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition, Guile
"Betray no further than the bitter smile;
"The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
"Along the govern'd aspect speak alone
"Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
"He, who would see, must be himself unseen."

* *

"Yet was not Conrad thus by nature sent
"To lead the guilty — guilt's worst instrument —
"His soul was changed — before his deeds had driven
"Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven
"Warp'd by the world in disappointment's school
"In words too wise — in conduct there a fool —
"Too firm to yield — and far too proud to stoop
"Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe;
"He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill;
"And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
"Nor deem'd that gifts bestowed on better men
"Had left him joy, and means to give again
"Fear'd — shun'n'd — belied — ere youth had lost her force;
"He hated man too much to feel remorse —
"And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
"To pay the injuries of some on all."

* *

"None are all evil — clinging round his heart
"One softer feeling would not yet depart;
"Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove
"And even in him it asks the name of Love!
"Yes, it was love — unchangeable unchanged —
"Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
"Yes, it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness

"Tried in temptation strengthen'd in distress,
"Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
"And yet — the more the pity! — untired by time —
"Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile
"Could render sullen were she ever to smile,
"Nor rage could fire nor sickness feet to vent
"One murmur of his discontent —
"Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part
"Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart:
"Which nought could remove'd — nor menaced to remove —
"If there be love in mortals — this was love!
"He was a villain — aye — reproaches shower
"On him — but not the passion, nor its power,
"Which only proved, all other virtues gone
"Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one

* *

"Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung
"And there the notes his bird of beauty sung"

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells
Then trembles into silence as before

"There in its centre — a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame eternal — but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been

"Remember me — Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine

"My fondest — faintest — latest — accents hear:
Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove
Then give me all I ever asked — a tear,
The first — best — last reward of so much love

He pass'd the portal — cross'd the corridore
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora — sure thy song is sad —"

"In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?
"Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
"Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
"Still must each accent to my bosom suit
"My heart unhush'd — although my lips were mute?
"Unaware many a night on this lone couch reclin'd,
"My dreaming fear with starting hath wing'd the wind,
"And seem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
"The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
"Though soft — it seem'd the low prophetic dirge
"That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge.

* *

"Would that those days were over! will thou never,
"My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
"Sure thou hast more than wealth — and many a home
"As bright as this invites us not to roam:
"Show thyself it is not peril that I fear,
"I only tremble when thou art not here;
"Then not for mine — but that far dearer life,
"Which flies from love and languishes for strife —
"How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
"Should war with nature and its better will!"
"Yea, strange indeed — that heart hath long been changed,
"Worm-like 'twas trampled — adder-like avenged,
"Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
"And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
"Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
"My very love to thee is hate to them,
"So closely mingling here, that disentwin'd
"I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
"Yet dread not this — the proof of all the past
"Assures the future that my love will last.

* *

"Conrad! — dearest — come and share
"The feast these hands delighted to prepare —
"Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
"See I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best
"And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I guess'd
"At such as seem'd the fairest: thrice the hill
"My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
"Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
"See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
"The grape's gay juice thy bosom never cheers —
"Thou — more than Moslem — when the cup appears —
"Think not I mean to chide, for I rejoice
"What others deem a penance is thy choice.

* *

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
"How oft that fearful question will intrude
"'Twas but an instant past—and there he stood!
"And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd—
"And there at length her tears in freedom gush'd,
"Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
"But still her lips refus'd to send—"Farewell!"
"For in that word—that fatal word—however
"We promise hope—believe—there breathes despair."

* *

"And was she—there? and is he now alone?
"What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain.
"The tear most sacred—shed for others' pain
"That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine
"Already polish'd by the hand divine!
"Oh too convincing—dangerously dear.—
"In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
"That weapon of her weakness she can wield
"To save—subdue—at once her spear and shield—
"Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
"Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
"What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
"The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye."

* *

"He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look.
"And felt the anxious frame that lately shook:
"He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
"And know—but dare not own we gaze in vain!
"In life itself she was so still and fair
"That death with gentle aspect there;
"And the cold flowers her colden hand contain'd
"In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
"As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep
"And made it almost mockery yet to weep."

* *

"By those that deepest feel, are ill expressed
"The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
"Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
"Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
"No words suffice the secret soul to show,
"And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
"For Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion proved
"And sleep, almost like infancy restored.
"So feeble now his mother's softness crept
"To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:

"It was the very weakness of his brain,
"Which thus confess'd without relieving pain.
"None saw his breaking tears — perchance, they deem
"That sweetest flood of grief had never been:
"Not long they flowed — he dried them to despair,
"Inexpressive — hopeless — brokenness of heart:
"The sun goes forth — but Conrad's day is dim —
"And the night cometh — never to pass from him —
"There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
"Or Grief's vain eye — the blindest of the blind
"Which may not — dare not see — but turns aside
"To blackest shade — nor will endure a guide!
"His heart was formed for softness warped to wrong —
"Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;
"Each feeling pure — as falls the dropping dew
"Within the grot; like that had hardened too; —
"Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials prayed,
"But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last
"Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
"If such his heart, so shattered it the shock
"There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
"Though dark the shade — it sheltered, — saved till now.
"The thunder came — that bolt hath blasted both,
"The Granite's firmness, and the lily growth:
"The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
"Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell,
"And of its cold protector, blacken round
"Rent shiver'd fragments on the barren ground. 33





Epitaphs

Go spotless honour and unsullied truth
Go smiling innocence and blooming youth
Go female sweetness, joined with manly sense
Go winning wit that never gave offence
Go soft humanity, that blessed the poor
Go, saint-eyed patience from afflictions door
Go, modesty that never wore a frown
Go, virtue and receive thy heavenly crown
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse
The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedewed thy hearse



Farewell my best beloved whose heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue, strength with softness joined,
Devotion undebased by pride or art,
With meek simplicity and joy of heart;
Though sprightly gentle; though polite, sincere,
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of Life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
In thee, the afflicted their kind Soother lost,
Thy Friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I— but ah !!! can words my loss declare,
Or paint the extremes of transport and despair?
Oh Thou beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmurs and song
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray
Over the waters — away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high —
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!
Night on the waves! — and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading it's depths in the power of her might
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters! — asleep on their breast
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?

Bright and alone on the shadowy moaine
Like a heart cherished home on some desolate plaine!
Who — as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky
A phantom of beauty — could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin
And souls that are smitten the bursting within?
Who — as he watches her silently gliding —
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave
The death bed of hope, or the young spirits grave?
'Tis thus with our life; while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wondering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts, which the world cannot know
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er!



















HAPPINESS

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Tho' nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found!

The bird's wild carol'd over head,
The breeze around me blew;
And nature's awful chorus said —
No bless for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship: Friendship sigh'd
And thus her answer gave —
The few whom fortune never frown'd
Where wither'd in the grave!

I ask'd if Vice could bless bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint, and still,
For others' woes distress'd!

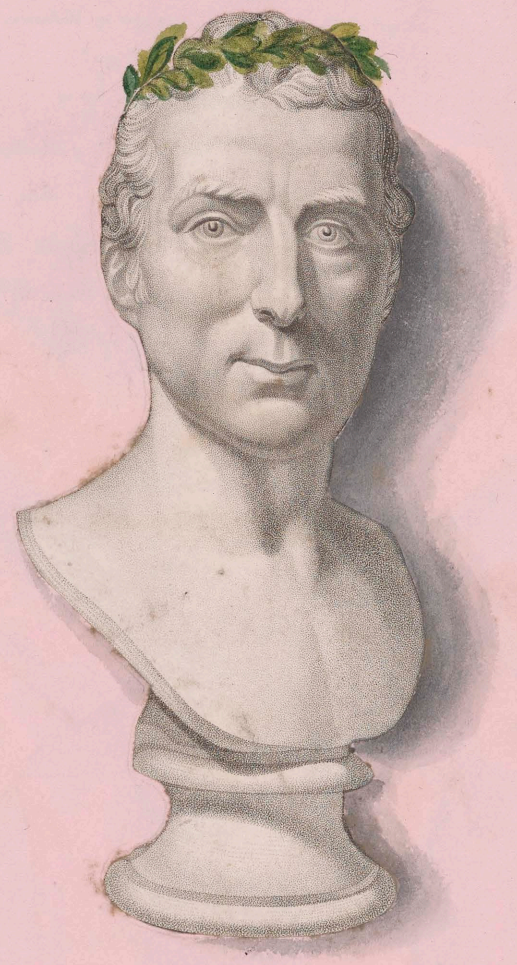
I question'd Virtue: Virtue sigh'd
No boon could she dispense —
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence.

I question'd Death — the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe —
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here."

Traverse the world, go fly from pole to pole,
Go far as winds can blow or waters roll,
All, all is vanity, beneath the sun,
To certain death through diff'rent paths we run.
See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
See there a galley-slave to misery sold!
Ambition's votries groan beneath its weight,
The splendid victim of the toils of state.
Lo! in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
Loves softest pleasures terminate in woe;
Een learning ends her vast career in doubt,
And puzzling in makes nothing clearly out;
Where then is sov'reign bliss? Where doth it grow?
Know mortal happiness ne'er dwelt below.
Look towards Heavn – be Heavn thy only care
Spurn the vile earth – go seek thy treasure there
A virtuous course, and heavn alone youll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

A Receipt for Happiness





Hail star of my Isle said the spirit all sparkling,
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies;
Through ages of sorrow deserted and darkling,
I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
For though heroes I've numbered unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cypress of fame,
But oh there is not
One dishonouring blot,
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

A Caution.

To a Friend on the point of Marrige

As a Termigant wife
Will embitter your life
Take this counsel before the knot is tied
Would you shun care and strife
Choose your bride like your knife
Let the temper of both be well try'd

Advice

Presume not in prosperity
neither despair in adversity
court not dangers nor
meanly fly from
them

Fancy

Sweet is the dream
Divinely sweet
When absent souls
In fancy meet

Truth

Truth is born with us
and we must do violence
to nature to shake off
our veracity

D.

Capt.n Foote of the Navy who married
Miss Patten

With a Patten for His Wife
Through the rough road of life
May you safely and happily jog
May the ring never break
Or the tie be found weak
Or the Foot join the Patten a clog

Hebrew Melody

I saw thee Weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of Blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the gravest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same except in tears—
How welcome those unshadden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulph
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh then that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

Till Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Edens rosy bow'r;
In vain the viewless seraph lingring there,
At stormy midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep,
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd,
The summer winds that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmer of the bee,—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stay,
The world was sad!— the garden was a wild,
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd - till woman smild,

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man?— a world without a sun!!

Domestic Happiness



" It wandered such two, day by day,
" Love wrote his sweet book secret way.
" Oh, where is there the heart but knows
" Love's first steps are upon the rose.
" And here were all which life should be
" Nurses to love's sweet infancy, —
" Hope, mystery, abicence: then each thought
" Of something holy with it twined.
" Their sighs were breathed, their vows were given
" Before the face of the high Heaven,
" Link'd not with country's wanton ties,
" But birds and blossoms, leaves and trees. —
" Love was not made for palace pride." [13]

* * * * * * *

" Through many a shadowy spot they past,
" Looking its loveliest and its best,
" Until they paused beneath the shade
" Of cypress and of roses made, —
" The one so dark, the one so fair,
" Just blent as love and sorrow are.
" And Raymond pray'd the maiden gather
" And twine in a dark wreath together
" The roses. "No," she sighed, "not these
" Sweet children of the sun and breeze,
" Born for the beauty of a day,
" Dying as all fair things decay
" When loveliest, — these may not be
" Raymond my parting gift to thee." [14]

* * * * * * * *

"Oh she had yet the dark to learn
"How often woman's heart must burn
"To feel upon its own excess
"Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
"How much of grief the heart must prove
"Ere it yields a sacrifice to love!"—

* * * * * *

"The fires, the very fires, oh! never
"Can feel again as they have done;
"The love, the zeal, the pride, the all
"The planets of life's coronal,
"However beautiful or bright,—
"What can be like their first sweet light?"

* * * * * *

"And woman, in whose gentle heart
"From all save life's sacred self apart,
"Love should dwell with thus purity
"Which but in woman's love can be:
"A sacred fire, whose flame was given
"To shed on earth the light of Heaven!"—

* * * * * *

"And then if in my love there
"Aside his arrows and his bow,
"But he hath not with one spell past,
"The veil that binds his eyes and heart.
"Nor for Love when his eyes shall be"
"Opened upon reality!—

* * * * * *

A Familiar Story

It was a Winters evening, I had turn'd
Into a shop to buy some glittering thing
For poor Cecelia: many a golden toy
Crusted with diamonds and gems lay there,
And he who sold them, with obsequious look
Watch'd every motion, and commended much
His wares, their workmanship, and rare device,
The water of each stone, its size, and hue,
I stood there undetermined, when a man
Came slowly in. He shook the rain away
And wiped the blinding sleet from of his eyes,
(I thought I saw a tear) and in a voice
Of proud yet hesitating sadness, told
The master of the house, he wished to sell
Some trifles for a friend. The fellow scowled,
And in impatient utterance, bade him wait.
The colour mounted to the stranger's cheek;
But quick subsiding left a paleness there -
More visible than before; and then he sighed,
Like one who must endure the sharp neglects
And scoffing of this money getting world.
I could not suffer this: I am not vain
(You know it) to heap weights upon the fallen.
So gave up my precidence. I mark'd well
The stranger's look: it was the face of one
Who had spent a life in study, - deeply mark'd
As if the lightning of the passions had
Been there & mar'd. On his lips there sate
A melancholy smile. Shyly he glanc'd
Around, then softly whisper'd his demand.
I was to much the tradesman's. Looks replied

"You cannot then?" — he spoke — then with a sigh
And such a look as man gives when he parts
With all he loves for ever, did he thrust
His shaking hand into his breast, and pluck'd
A bauble thence — a picture, as I thought:
He held the thing in silence for a time,
Clench'd hard — at last, relaxing from his grasp,
He seem'd to venture on a glance, and wip'd
The dimness from the glass, and laid it down
Pointing towards it. "Dead Victoria"
He shudder'd as he spoke, "the last is gone
The last memorial now has past away.
Must it be thus? — and yet what matters?
Art thou not writ upon my heart for ever?
If thou canst hear me from thy starry home
Thy home amongst the Angels pity me,
And pardon that I here do give the up —
(Thy likness) sell thee beauty, to defray
The bitter worlds necessities. Not for me,
Not for my wretched self, abandon'd lost
Oh! I could stare upon misfortune still
With a bold front, and bid my grief be dumb;
For I have been accustom'd long to face
The biting winds of winter — mans neglect —
Injustice, hate; bitter and freezing want, —
Without a hope, save one — beyond the grave! —
He push'd the picture from him, and beseech'd
The man to keep it for a time — perhaps
He might redeem it. But let me end my tale:
I made a friend, and sav'd him! and when I
Sate in darkest anguish by my dying bride,
And rav'd & curs'd the world and did abjure
Heaven and its mighty mercies, he did lend

(This stranger) like a minist'ring spirit roused
My couch, and saved me from a guilty death.
He soothed my anguish, and did lead my thoughts
Upwards, and taught me hope. At last he died:
And now there's not one left but thee, my friend,
My old acquaintance, unto whom my heart
Turns with a full confiding. Never till now
Didst thou or any other hear me tell
How first I knew De Lacy: aye, he was
The desolate stranger of that winter's eve.



Alas! thou hast no wings, oh Time,
It was some thoughtful lovers rhyme,
Who writing in his Cloe's praise,
Paid her the compliment through you.
For, had he, if he truly loved,
But once, the pangs of absence proved,
He'd crept thy wings, and in their stead,
Have painted thee with heels of lead!

a moi.

"Night is the time to weep,
"To wet with unseen tears,
"Those graves of memory, whose sleep,
"The joys of other years;
"Hopes that were angels in their birth,
"But perish'd young, like things of earth."

Night

To be Exchanged, not sold.

Black eyes, most dazzle at a ball,
The blue, most please at evening fall;
The black, a conquest soonest gain,
The blue, a conquest long retain;
The blue, a conquest long retain;
The black, bespeak a lively heart,
Whose quick emotions soon depart;
The blue, a steadier flame betray,
That lives and burns thro' many a day;
Then let both reign without controul,
The black, all mind, the blue all soul.

The tongue of the absent.

Cupid and the Bee.

As Cupid 'midst the roses played,
Sweet sporting 'neath the damask shade,
A Bee which slept unseen among
The silken leaves, his finger stung.
In tears his downcast cheeks were drown'd,
He stormed, he blow'd the wounding wound;
Then running, flying thro' the grove,
Thus plaintive to the Queen of love:
"I'm kill'd mamma! Ah me, I die!
A little serpent wing'd to fly,
That's called a Bee, one yonder plain
Has stung me; oh, I die with pain!
When Venus smiling, thus rejoin'd.
My dear, if you such anguish find
From the resentment of a Bee,
Think what they feel, who're stung by thee!"

Odes of Anacreon.



" The waves had ceased their accustomed beat,
" And dashed the shipwrecked seaman on the shore
" He turned himself impatient at their roar,
" And cried, Perfidious Sea!
" Why didst thou lure me, smiling tranquilly,
" To such a fate, so desolate and dark."
" The ocean god awoke, and frowning said,
" Hurl not your vain reproaches at my head,
" My waters calmly ebb and flow,
" Tis the loud warning tempest breaks thine ear,
" Go! to the storm Winds be thy plaints addressed,
" Go! to the Whirlwind, go!
" And he spoke wisely, it must be confessed,
" Wouldst thou forbid the winds to blow,
" Seaman? O, no!"

Gnilopff. Neptunium fabulista.

Dramatic sketch — Second Sight.

Dramatis Personæ. Ronald ——— Ellen.

Ellen. ——— Oh! I will chide thee, truant! Look how fair,
Like to love's promises, the heavens appear!
The blue night has put on her wreath of stars —
A bright queen in her proud regality!
The young moon is arisen, and the waves
Have welcomed her in music, while the winds
Bear her their song, mixed with the breath of flowers
Our island yields, like to sweet incense given
In homage to her beauty! All is still
Save the melodious language of the leaves;
And yonder star, our own signal star,
Has reached the dark hill's point unmarked by thee.
Nay, turn not thus away —— speak, mine own love!
Ronald ——— My own, my gentle treasure! I could gaze
On those blue eyes, and quite forget that shades
Are gathering on their brightness. Alas! dear love,
An evil circle is fast closing round.
I have not hidden from thee my fatal gift
To look upon the future, and to feel
Like present things those which are yet to come —
And on me now is consciousness of ill.
Ellen. ——— Nay, I must smile this gloomy mood away:
Come, I will sing thee words which thou didst frame
Like flowers in a fair wreath. —— I heard to-day
A wild sad air, just fit for them, 'tis one
Of those sweet spells whose power is more upon
The heart than even the ear.
Ronald ——— No, no; not now!
I cannot bear to see thee smile, yet know
Thy step is on a precipice; that I
Shall lead thee to the brink — and lead to perish.
Ellen. ——— This of thyself, false prophet! Ronald no;

Dramatic sketch. Second Sight.

Dramatis Personæ Ronald ——— Ellen.

Oh, I will not believe thee. come, be gay:
You're a dull lover for a lady's bower.
You do not love me.
Ronald. ——— Not love thee! by that cheek
Now beautiful with blushes—— by those eyes,
Like a blue harebell, when a sunshine plays
Upon its dewy leaves—— by that white brow
Crown'd with gold curls, and by that eloquent smile——
I love thee tenderly as exiles love
Remberances of their own country; dear
As home, as Infancy, as happiness;
Precious as hope.
Ellen. ——— Ah, these are honeyed words; but... I believe them.
Ronald ——— Alas! my trusting love, I have other words——
Dark, fearful words—— for thee. we must forget
That we have ever loved; our vows must be
Shadows long past.
Ellen. ——— Oh, Ronald, cruel, cruel——
Love may not learn forgetfulness. I can
Be silent as the grave; can school my tears
To fall in secret; let my cheek grow pale;
And my heart waste away in solitude; ——
But I cannot forget thee.
Ronald. ——— Time has been
When pardon to the mourner were less sweet
Than are those words to me; but now thy love
To me is as despair; I'll tell thee all.
All my dark auguries. E'en from a child
There was a strange power on me; I have sought
The mountain brow, when veiled in thunder clouds;
I roamed the forest when night wrapped me round,
The meteor flames my guide; I lay beside

Dramatic sketch Second Sight,

Dramatis Personæ Ronald—— Ellen.

The foaming waterfall, and I. have held
Unblest communion with the dead, and seen
And talked with spirits, and looked on sights
Which sent the frozen life-blood from my cheek!
I did not seek companionship with man;
I lived in a profound solitude; but you
Softned my gloomy mood, and then my pride
Bowed to a woman's power: life was no more
A stern and gloomy pathway: but it grew
A paradise of hope; and I. forgot
My dreary visions.

Ellen.—— Oh. forget them still!
My heart beats quick with fear——What is that sound?
How sad, how wildly, how the night-wind swept
Over my harp!

Ronald.—— Ah. those prophetic notes!
Death is upon their tones; 'tis the same dirge
That rang last night within my ear:—— I. stood
Beneath an oak whose blasted stem was rent
By the fierce lightning; it yet smoked; the fire
Was red upon it, while the falling rain
Hissed on the scorched leaves. I. heard the voice
Of spirits on the wind, and saw strange forms:
The clouds were black as death; my only light
Was the pale herald of the thunder—peal!
Then rose the vision on my soul! first came
Those melancholy sounds; then I. beheld
Myself and thee—— I. saw the dagger gleam
Red in my hand—— 'twas dripping with thy gore——
I saw thy death-wound, saw thee cold and pale
And knew myself thy murderer!

Ellen—— Oh, Ronald, leave

Dramatic sketch Second Sight.

Dramatis Persona Ronald —— Ellen

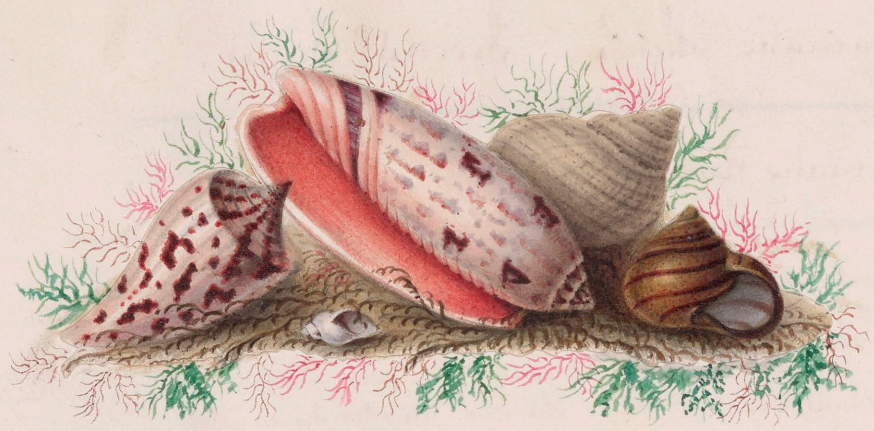
This most unholy interchange with things
Forbidden and concealed. Ask thy own heart
It will proclaim their falsehood. Ask that heart
Which I most truly do believe is mine
If it could injure me?
Ronald. —— Dear Ellen, no;
It cannot be that I. who love thee, thus
Could harm thee, love! the turf, on which thy step
Has left its fairy trace, is unto me
A sainted spot; the very air thou breathest
So precious; more I prize the slightest leaf
Wreath'd with thy sunny hair, than the rich gems
That burn in Indian mines. It cannot be
That I could harm thee!
Ellen. —— Oh, I do not fear.
Come pray thee, smile at thine own prophecy.
Ronald —— For once dear Ellen
I'll bid thee not believe me! * * * * * *
It is a lovely shade, but shun the place ——
Mark what a red taint is upon the heath!
The very harebells have caught that one hue
Look how they gleam beneath the pale moonlight.
Oh. blood is on their bloom —— a crimson dye ——
Which has been and which will be there for years.
Those larches, with their graceful sweeps, once made
A gentle maidens bower, and 'tis her blood
That gives the flowers their unnatural stain.
'Tis a sad history! —— The maid was slain
By one who was her lover; for his heart
Was dark with jelousy; and then he fled
To the fierce battle, as if outward strife
Could kill the strife within; yet home he came

Dramatic sketch Second Sight,

Dramatis Personæ Ronald —— Ellen,

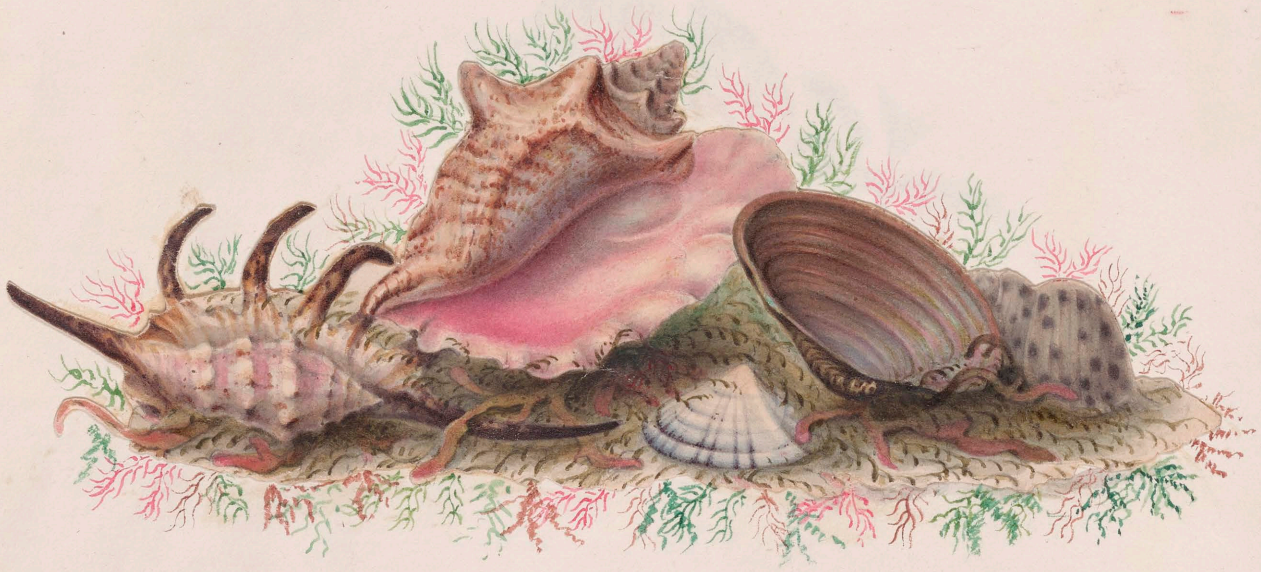
At last —— death spares the wretched —— then he heard
How innocent, how true, his Ellen was.
He sought the spot where she was murdered, made
Atonement with his blood; and it is told,
When the moon lights the midnight, comes a sound
Of melancholy music, and a shape
Like that poor maiden, with the golden hair
Stain'd from the bosom's wound; and by it's side,
Another phantom of a dark—browed chief,
Who seems, with bended head and out stretch'd arms
To ask forgiveness; these flit o'er the turf,
And make the place so fearful.





The comforts of the Seasons,

In Summers cool shade, how delightful to sit,
In Winter, how social when dear friends we meet,
In Autumn ripe fruits may our palates regale,
In Spring we delight in the blossom'd sweet vale,
Each season has pleasure and blessings in store,
Be content, and happy, and ask for no more;
To know the best season to laugh and to sing,
Is Summer, is Autumn, is Winter, is Spring,









Once happy pair ——— in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood, which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length; ———
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above it's wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current as it pass'd!

Yes Zelica! there was a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
But war disturb'd this vision ——— far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th'array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash,
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.
Month after month, in widowhood of soul

Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—— but, ah! how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick-man's name,
Just ere he dies,——) at length these sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"
Of grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;——
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken!
Lond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Ev'n reason sunk blighted beneath its touch;
And though ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;——
A wandering bark, upon whose path-way shone
All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one!
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half extacy, half pain,
The bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!)

False is the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And love, and hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven!—

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!——

The well known Silver Veil ——— "'tis he, 'tis he
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush you daring wretch ——— 'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And, casting off the veil in falling, shows ——
Oh! ——— 'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!
"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
I meant not thou should'st have the pain of this; —
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou would'st not rob me of, didst thou but know
How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow,
To linger on were maddening —— and I thought
If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caught
The eyes of your fierce soldery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly,
But this is sweeter —— oh! believe me, yes ——
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live!—
All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim; —— oh! to call thee mine
This once again! my Azim ——— dream divine!

Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
Oh live to pray for her —— to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity,
To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
As thine are Azim never breath'd in vain,——
And pray that he may pardon her,—— may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake
And, naught remembering but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd
Our youthful hearts together —— every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou did'st then,
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise }——
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies! }
And should they —— but alas! my senses fail——
Oh for one minute! should thy prayers prevail——
If pardoned souls may from that world of bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this,——
I'll come to thee —— in some sweet dream —— and tell——
Oh Heaven —— I die —— dear love! farewell, farewell!"
Time fleeted —— years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still —— when by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer;
For the last time knelt down —— and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brightened even Death —— like the last streak
Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,——
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died——
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side. }

The Peri Pardoned

"From Lalla Rookh",

Written by

Thomas Moore Esq.r

The Music by

Dr. John Clarke

Of Cambridge

The Peri Pardoned

VOCE

Largo

Piano

Forte

Legato

RECIT:

'Twas when the golden orb had set While on their knees they linger'd

pp

yet, there fell a light, more lovely far Than e'er came from sun or

star upon the tear that, warm and meek, Dew'd that repentant sinners cheek

p

pp

agitato

To mortal eye this light might seem A northern flash or meteor

beam

But well th'enraptur'd PE_RI

espress?

knew 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw From Heaven's Gate, to hail that

dear Her harbinger of glo_ry near

ARIA

VIVACE

MODERATO

mez

"Joy, joy for e-ver! my task is done — the

Gates are past'd, and Heav'n is soon! Oh! am I not

happy? I am, I am — Oh! am I not happy? I

dol: esp.

am, I am — To thee, sweet E — den how dark and

Sad, To thee, sweet E---den! how dark and cool Are the

di. amond tur rets of SHADUKIAM, And the fra grant bow'rs of AMBERABAD! The

di amond tur rets of SHADUKIAM, And the fra grant bow'rs of AMBERABAD!

MINORE

LARGHETTO

Fare - wel, ye o - dours of Earth, that die,

mf

Paſsing a - - way like a lov - er's sigh; - My feast is now of the

mf

len: len:

cal do lento

Too - ba Tree, Whose scent is the breath of E - ter - ni - ty! Fare -

cal do ten

- wel ye vanishing flowrs, that shone In my fac - ry wreath so

p

mf

bright and brief, — Oh! what are the bright- est that e'er have blown, To the

f mf

Lote- tree springing from Al- lah's throne, Whose flowers have a soul in

ten

cal do lento.

ev — ry leaf Whose flowers have a soul in ev'- ry leaf

cal do pp Da Capo

Joy, joy for ever! my task is done!

Braw lads on Yarrow braes

Andante

dol

f

f

Braw braw lads on Yar-row braes ye wan-der thro the

blooming hea-ther But yar-row braes nor Ettrick shaws can

match the lads of Gal-la wa-ter

f

pp

The Song of Antar

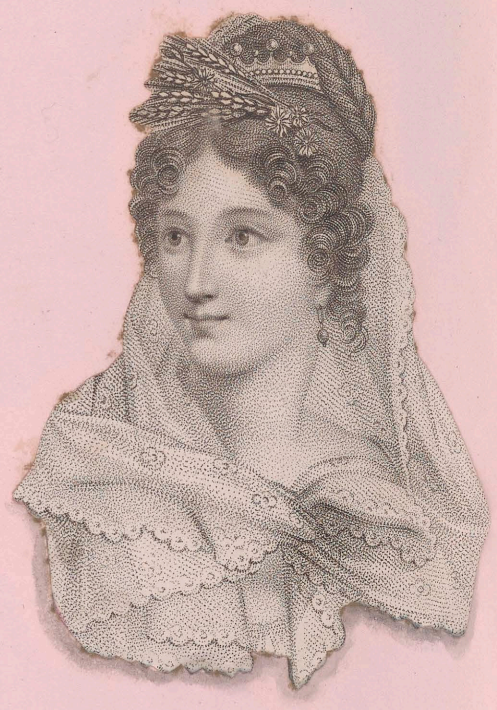
Literally from the Arabic.

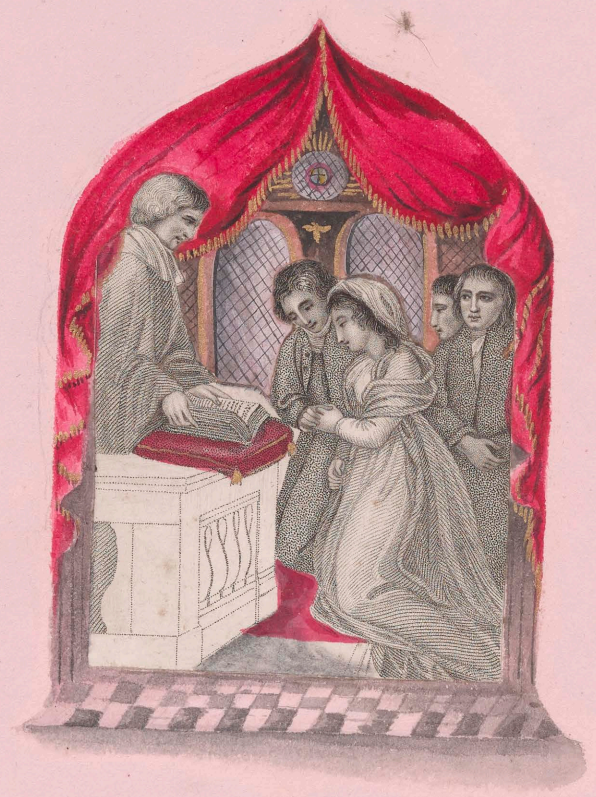
Abla I love thee with a warrior's love!
Thy very shadow is my happiness:
Thou rulest all the pulses of my heart
My queen, my spirits hope and faith and love.
I cannot paint thy beauty, for it leaves
All picturing praise. Were I to say the moon
Looks in her midnight glory like thy brow,
Where is the wild sweet sparkling of thine eye?
Or that thy shape was stately as the palm,
Can all its waving blossoms show thy grace?
Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun,
The dusky tresses wreathing it like night:
Like night beside it, mine. Thy brilliant teeth
Are pearls, if the blue Ocean's gems could live!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * May Heaven
That made thee in perfection, guard thy peace.
Abla 'twas blessing to be at thy side—
But now my world is darkness—for thou'rt gone!
Thy look was to my life what evening stars
Are to the drooping rose; thy single glance
Went swifter, deeper to thy lovers heart
Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,
For thou like her, art bright—like her, above me!













The quiet happiness of married love.

"Shall think ye maidens, your love is vain,
"That fondly fear to love your liberty,
"Whenas loosing one, two, liberties ye gain,
"And make heaven bound, that boundye earst so fly.
"Sweet be the bands the think true love doth tye,
"Without constraint, or dread of any ill.
"The gentle bird feels no captivity
"Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
"Where fowler's snare nor net approach, nor discord spille
"The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
"But simple truth and mutual good will,
"Seeks with sweet peace to salve each others wounds:
"There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
"And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower."

Spencer's minor poems.



Song of the Princess Jeanne.*

Sung for the voice of the newly born
Falls in sweet sounds on the mother's ear;
Like the sun-beams mixed with the cloud of morn,
On her cheek is blended smile and tear.

The vows of her lover, her husband's kiss,
Were dear when in joys young hours she smiled;
But feeble and faint to her mother's bliss,
As she clasps to her bosom her first born child.

When the child is a man, to the battle field
He will follow his father the foe to meet;
And in victory's pride by his foe-man's shield,
With a high throbbing heart, at his mother's feet.-

* The mother of Henry the fourth of France



Addressed to my Brother.

Brother beloved: if health should smile again
Upon thine manly sunne and fevered cheek;
If ere returning vigour bid thee seek
Thine languid limbs their gladsome strength again;
Will many thy brow the placid glow retain
Of sweet contents, and thy pleased eye sweep speak
Thy conscious self-applause: but should I seek
To what avail this heart ever feel, ah! vain
Were the attempt! Yet kindest friend, no'er
May conch ye heads, amid watch with tenderness
The being whome your love could ill bear bestow
From the cold grasp of Death; may ever you guess
The feelings which this pen can ne'er express:
Feelings deep fixed in grateful remembrance store!!





On gathering a Christmas Rose.

Oh, sing, wild Muse! what hand has been idly done?
Torn from its humble brook the last frore flower
That patient lingered to this wintery hour:
Expanding slowly to the languid sun
It flourished yet, and yet its angles have blown,
Thick mists thy sudden desolating power
Destroyed: what many a storm and angry shower
That pitying spared. The pride of summer gone,
Cherish what yet in faded life can bloom;
And if domestic love still sweetly smiles,
Ye sheltered by thy cot, he yet beguiles
Thy wintry prospect of its dreary gloom,
Oh, from the spoiler's touch thy treasure screen,
To bask beneath Contentment's beam serene!



——————— Bright warrior of flower
Who gracest thro' the cold bared bower
Of wintry Spring! —

Like Patience, thou
Art quiet in thy earth
Instinctive Hope, that Winter's birth
Is Feeling's vow.

Thy fancied Bride!
The obedient Snowdrop, keeps
Her home with thee; she wakes and sleeps
Near thy fine side.

Dear Friend but hear!
A simple flower can teach
What beauties in his mind should dwell
Through Passion's sphere.

J. B. Prior.

Home

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth—
Time-honored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wanderer, nurtured, whose expanding eye
Has known these fertile isles, has seen them lie,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's primeval grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter, spot than all the rest;
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
There woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guest of love and graces lie;
Around her knee domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country, and that spot, thy home.

Llanthony Abbey



See a child, and behold the best copy of Adam before his fall, all his sins in a small letter; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is natural's fresh picture newly drawn, which time and handling claims next object. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at long run, it becomes a blurred thing. Natural note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He fights and laughs all, and, when the vanity of the rod is past, smiles on its bearer. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar, to a draught of wormwood: he plays yet, like a young practice, the first day, and is not come to his task of misery. All the language he speaks yet is tears: his handled labour is his tongue, as if he were taught to use so deceitful an organ; and their best company with it when he can best prattle. He laughs at his foolish sports, but his game is one earnest; and his drum, trifles, and hobby-horse, but the preachings of mens lusings: his father hath wit to him in his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember: and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's eclipse: the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his linen coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one Heaven for another.

From Hall's Elements.



There is a flower, a snow-white flower
Fragile as if a morning shower
Doubted over its being, and the earth
Forgot to exhale it gave a birth;
Head it looks innocent and pale,
Slight as the least force could avail
To pluck it from its bed, and yet
Its root in depth and strength is set.
The frosty dew, the autumnal rain,
Beat on its tender stalk in vain,
Around its sprouts, despite of care,
Till the whole garden is its share;
And other plants must fade and pine
Beneath its deep and deadly shade.
This is love's emblem; it is sweet
For all remembrancings of first,
Too light, too fair, to wake distrust;
No sign have that an after hour
Dies rue and rosemary its fatal power.

Extracts from the Troubadours. &c. &c.

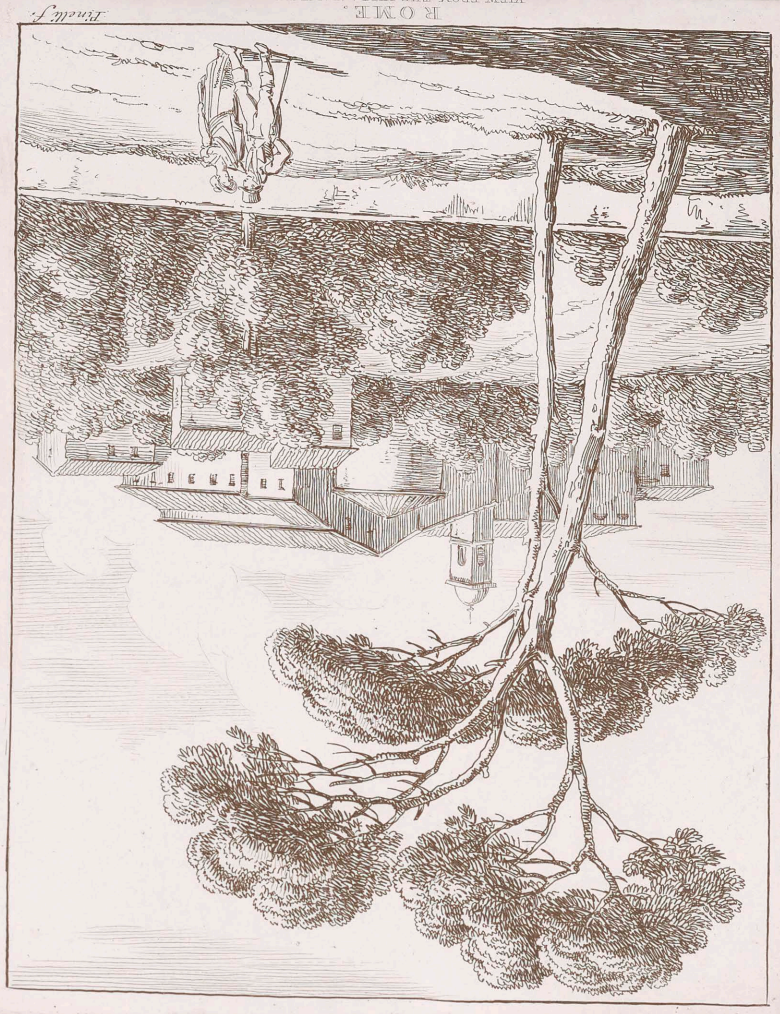
— This was now the loveliest part
Of the young poet's life, when first,
In solitude and silence nursed,
His genius rises like a spring
Unnoticed in its wandering;
Ere winter clouds or summer day
Have chilled, or warmed it away.
When thoughts with their own beauty filled,
And their own richness overflow,
As waters from sweet wounds distilled
Breathe perfume only where they flow.
I know not whether love can bring
A deeper witchery from his wing
Than falls from Poesy or song from thine.
Yet, ah! this wreath that binds thy shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light
Hides thorns and canker, worm and blight.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

One only oak grew by the spring,
The forest's patriarch and king;
A nightingale had built her nest
In the green shadow of its crest;
And in the hollow trunk the bees
Dwelt in their honey palaces;
And underneath its shelter stood,
Leaning like Beauty o'er the flood,
Watching each tender bud unfold
A beautiful white Provence rose.—
Yet warm and pale as this it knew
What changing skies and suns could do.
So that it knew, and knowing, sighed,
The vanity of summer pride;
As watching could put off the hour
When fall the leaf and fade the flower.
Alas! that every lovely thing
Lives only but for withering!—
That spring rainbows and summer shine
End but in autumn's pale decline

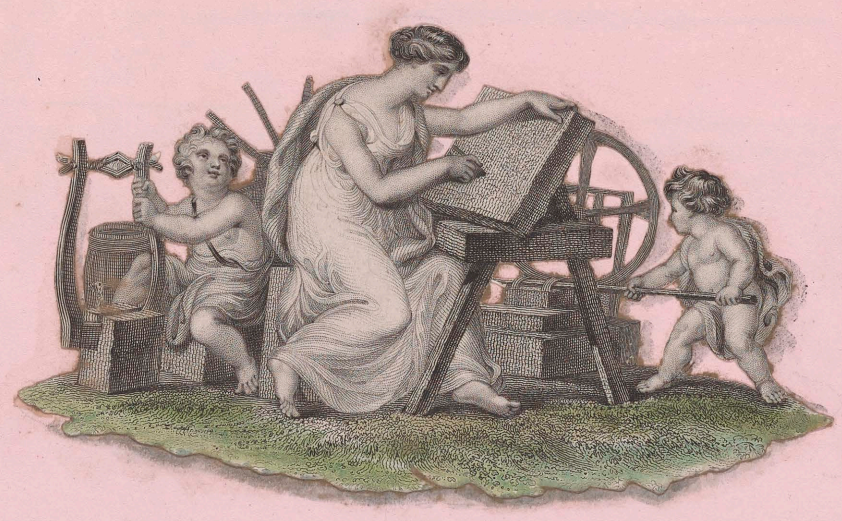
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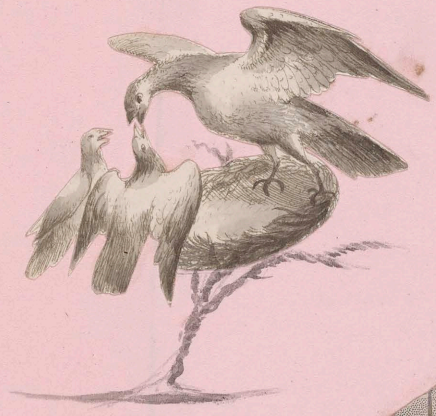
ROME.
VIEW FROM THE VILLA PAMFILI.



ROME.
VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST JOHN AND ST PAUL.















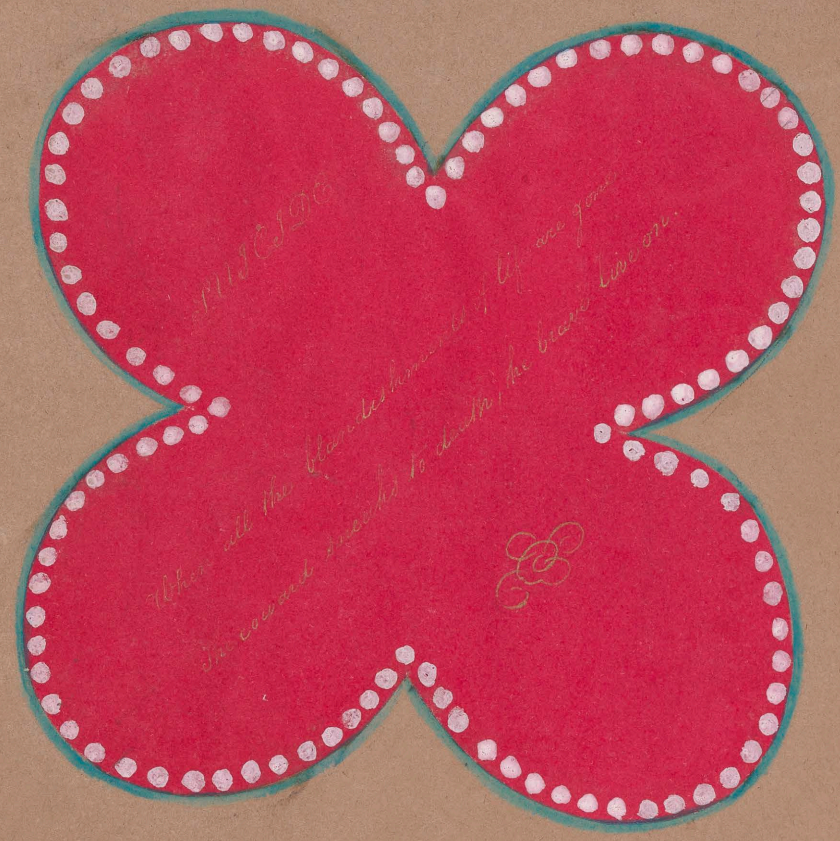


It has ever been considered that a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences is the greatest acquisition that can ornament and dignify the mind. To the discoveries of art we are indebted for all those elegant pursuits so congenial to a refined taste and so necessary to a finished education.

The arts may be divided into mechanical and liberal; the mechanical belonging more particularly to those which furnish us with the necessaries of life: and which policy will recommend to every country. The polite arts are more precarious; depending rather upon the labour of the mind than the hand, and are the produce of the imagination. The essence of the polite arts consists in expression; the end is pleasure; whereas the aim of the sciences is instruction and utility. Science as opposed to art denotes any doctrine deduced from self-evident principles. To Science seem to belong such things as may be discovered by the aid of sense and reason: Such as the laws of nature, — the rules of right and wrong — truth and error, of lines and numbers — in fine Science is a series of deductions or conclusions orderly and artfully laid down in words. —

A Treatise on the Arts and Sciences




Where all the Starr Lesbians of Up over your
Do counsel meet


To Bentham with his
Who still is
WHAT'S HONOUR




Dr Popes Death
Arise ye glimmering Starr of wit
For lo! the Sun of Verse is set


WHAT'S HONOUR

Written at Sea.

When the dark by a gentle breath is driven,
And the bright sun dances in the Heaven
Up and down, as the rocking boat
Upon the ruffyg water doth float—
And the fresh sea sprinkles the skyring deck,
And nought is seen but some faraway speck
On the distant verge—and the sky above,
And the waters around—his speed to anove
Gladly from one to another sound,
Guided by some invisible hand.
Gladly?—aye! for him who leaves
No friends behind, who dreams, and grieves
And dreads that every breezy breath
Is the winged charioteer of death.
Ah! then love is a fearful thing;
It hovers round on a vampire's wing;
Darkness is its abode—it dwells
In caverns and sepulchres—peopled cells;
'Tis wont to play with phantoms dread,
And breathe the aconite round its head.
The desert and the grave it seeks,
And clouds are on its splendent cheeks;
And it sits in storms—and builds its throne
In Terror's dark pavilion;
And its bright and spirit-piercing eyes
Are shrouded in thick anxieties.

Onwards! onwards!—lo, we sweep
The heaving bosom of the deep;—
Freshens the wind!—how gay to ride
On the pinions of the eternal tide,
And to live, as it were, in life's every sense,
'Midst the wild waves' frowardness!
It is as if life's currents too,

Driven

Driven by an impulse strange and new,
Bath'd with a swifter course, — partaking
Of the eager spirit bound us waking.

But soon, too soon, the busy sea
Is still'd to us — serenity
Broods over us her tender wand:
We reach the quiet and changeless land:
Our bark conducts us to the shore,
And the fresh breeze impels no more;
For us repose the joyous waves —
And we all slumber in our graves.

Thou Power of the Storm! who guidest
Our little vessel, — who dividest
The waves around us, — who hast spread
Heaven's canopy above our head,
And scatter'd thro' it gales of love
To waft us to our port above:
Thou! whose omnipotent voice can stay
The mighty ocean on his way;
Thou! subject vast of praise and wonder,
Who in the breeze and in the thunder
Art heard alike — to Thee, oh Friend!
O Father! I my lot commend.
And be it Thine, All-wise! as now,
A favouring passage to bestow
Through life's dark ocean — like the band
Received us in its mighty womb,
Where we shall slumber till the day
Of days the greatest, sends its ray
Into the gloom sepulchral — when
Shall the revived spirit live again,
And enter on a course which never
Can be disturbed by vain endeavour,
Nor check'd by storms or billows dreary, —
Nor hearts despond — nor hopes be weary.

Witty Men it has been observed are generally poor,
Whether justly so or no their poverty has been as
Generally attributed to their wit. There may be
Some justness in the observation, yet as no rule is
Without an exception there are also many instances of
Men who have risen in the world by their humour.
Dr. Mountain Bishop of Durham, in the reign of
George the second, was one of those fortunate mortals
For from being the son of a beggar he raised himself
To the highest eminence in the church— The See of
York becoming vacant, his Majesty consulted the
Bishop of Durham as to a proper successor to the
Bishoprick; upon which the Doctor facetiously said—
"Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed—
Thou wouldst say to this Mountain (Pointing to
Himself) be removed, and cast into the Sea."—

Profitable Punning









Man flies from Time, and Time from Man.

Of all the methods which man in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of Procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable Sage extant to this purpose, All the good you will ever do—must be done To day for there is no To morrow. That period which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To morrow, to us may become to day, or eternity. To suspend any thing important then upon so absolute uncertainty, is madness.

Defer not till tomorrow to be wise,
To morrow's Sun to you may never rise,"

and if even it should return, opportunity may not return with it.

The day in hand
Like a Bird struggling to get loose is going
Scarce now possessed, so suddenly 'tis gone"
And if misused how terrible when gone!
"Gone – they never go; when past they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an Angel or a fury frowns.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the strings of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

Friendship.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet again
Forms that Fate hath hid full long;
'Tis sweet in grief to hear some strain
Resembling childhood's early song:
Those forms, those tones, at once renew
The smiles that graced each happy hour,
And steal as sweet as summer dew,
Reviving ev'ry sleeping flower.

Oh! 'tis sweet when fairies creep
Round the couch on which we lie,
And with midnight's peaceful sleep
Mingle dreams of days gone by:
Past vows, past loves, come o'er us then,
With cheeks in smiles whose home's the tomb,
And hours too bright to shine again,
Life's shadowy pathway to illume.

Oh! 'tis sweet to meet upon
Cheeks we purged in Love's young day,
Friendship's smile slow stealing on,
As Love's begins to fade away.
Love's noontides sun may boast more light,
While it shines 'tis lovelier far;
But suns, tho' bright, will sink in night;
Then how holy's Friendship's star!

With violets, fragrant herbs, let none presume
To crown the summit of my lowly tomb;
Nor grace the spot where my remains are laid,
With the bald pyramid's majestic shade.

Rather let him whose proffered love would claim
The festive honours of dear friendship's name,
While life remains, each kind attention show,
And, ere too late, what friendship asks, bestow.

For when the shears of fate have cleft in twain—
Embitt'ring thought!—sweet life's delusive chain,
I care not then, should flowers their blossom shed
'Mid the wide ruins of my channel bed.

The Snowdrop.

I've oft admired the lonely flower
That 'midst the wintry snows,
When other flow'rets bloom no more,
Its silv'ry bosom shows.

I've thought it represented Hope,
Which, with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup
A more than earthly sweet.

Yes, let affliction force the tear,
She would our bosoms sting;
Hope, like the snowdrop, still shall cheer,
And point to coming Spring.

'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though even there her form could spare;
From its own beauty's rich excess,
Enough to make all others fair;—
But there the mind sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted; as the sun
That shines on flow'rs would be resplendent,
Were there no flow'rs to shine upon.

Song.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that mine but caught
Some treasure, it through life had sought.

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if luv'd for years.





E. 8.









What is Prayer?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Oh! Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life - the Truth - the Way.—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray. —

Religion! soother of all our human sorrows, source and refiner of all our real joys! shed thy heavenly influence on our hearts;



direct our pursuits; pervade and consecrate all our thoughts, words and actions; or we can never answer the designs of God in our creation.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly, close around,
Fill up her pathway through the sea
The track no more is found; —
Thus, passing down Oblivion's tide,
The wondrous visions of the mind
Flick as that ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.

But the pure page may still unfold
Some dream of feeling ere untold, —
The silent record of a heart,
Even when that heart is cold:
Its fern memorials here may bloom,
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear, —
Like flowers that lingor o'er the tomb,
Bedewed with Friendship's tear.

I ask not for the record of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine, —
Enough for me to leave my name
Within their kindred shrine; —
To think that o'er those lines thine eye
May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
For her who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
With bosom silent and serene,
And but the plank upon the shore
Reveals that wrecks have been.
So some frail leaf, like this, may be
Left floating o'er Time's silent tide;
The sole remaining trace of me;
To tell I lived and died.